

6.

THE
JUST GENERAL.
A
Tragi:Comedy,

Written by Major
COSMO: MANUCHE.



LONDON,
Printed for M. M. T. C. and G. Bedell, and are to be sold
at their Shop at the Middle Temple gate in
Fleetstreet, 1652.

THE
FIRST GENERAL



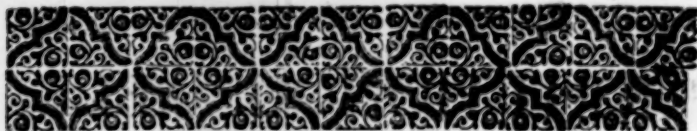
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JAMES

Earle of Northampton, and ISABELLA. his
Most vertuous Lady, all encrease of
health and Prosperity.

Right Honourable,

His Critical Age, visibly discovers, to what disadvantage I must thrust this poor Play into the world; so that I am forc't to lay bold on discretion (the greatest part of valour) for my defence. For although I well know they may finde fault with my wit, I am sure they can not condemn my judgment in (humblly) abusing your Honours Patrons to these poor (friendless) Sicilians, which when sheltered under your wings, will (though not from malice) yet be free (in mercy to themselves) from their venting it. Right Honourable, it is onely your pardons I beg, which (out of that propensity to goodness, which is natural in you) I doubt not of; as of your encouragement to enable me more serviceable in a larger manner, to confirm, that I must live, and dye your bonours most humble and most faithfull servant.

COS. MANUCHE.



The Prologue intended for the Stage.

Enter *Prologue* and *Critic* severally.

Prolo. **C**RITICK forbear the Stage, what do you here?
Crit. I come to judge your Play, not for to jeere.
Prolo. Although you know to judge, yet fancy rules
Which makes the best of Criticks knowing fooles.
Crit. *Prologue* you censure boldly, and condemn
The able Critick 'mongst the Wou'dbe men.
Who to describe from us, asks no more skill
Then to observe, how 'twixt each Act they will
Twirle on the toe, picking their teeth, and dance
Then, sometimes whistle *Ala mode de France*.
The Play being done, they on each other look
To read in one another's faces how it took.
None daring (though suppos'd valiant) for to say
It was well Acted, or 'tis a good Play.
When one non Guilty of abilitie
To judge, asketh his Friends advise, when he
Antickly answers (saith) with little paines
He could write better, yet ne'r break his braines:
To which, his Lady with an easie Faith
And little judgment, answereth, and saith,
Such foolish fellows as have writ before
Should you but write (dear friend) would ne'r write more.
At which he smiles, and cries fie, fie, there be
No question some can write as well as he,
Which she must doubt, whilst he denies it so
As if he knew 'twere truth, but would not know
These art your Critick Wou'dbes raile at the Poet
For writing sense (poor soules) and they not know it.
When we, where there's a fault proclaim't 'tis true,
But never do't till judgement finds it due.
Distinguish then 'twixt *Wou'dbe* wits, and us
That dare do Justice, though miraculous.
Prologue farewell, if you deserve applause,
The knowing Critick shall maintain your cause.
Prolo. To the audience.
Now unto you that dare be just, and judge
Without partiality, we shall not grudge
To be chid gently, and shall study mend
Such faults as you shall say our Author pen'd.
If 'has writ nonsense, thus he bid me say,
He writ by'th spirit, just as the (Brethren pray

Exit Crit.

Prologue.



Prologue.

To the READER.

REader, least you mistake, and like my play,
Know 'tis the first I wrote, and how that may
Your wits disparage (saith) I'll leave to you
That best know (in such cases) what to do.
In spite of Malice venture I dare thus far,
Pack not a Fury, and I'll stand the Barr.

The

The Names of the Persons presented.

<i>Amasius</i>	—	A young King in love with <i>Aurelia</i> .
<i>Bellicosus</i>	—	General of his Army .
<i>Delirus</i>	—	Son to the General, in love with <i>Artesia</i> .
<i>Sebastian</i>	—	An old decayed Lord, father to <i>Aurelia</i>
<i>Antonio.</i>	}	Noble Persons attending the King.
<i>Cornelius.</i>		
<i>Eugenio.</i>		
<i>Fabius</i>	—	Servant to the General.
<i>Ferdinando</i>	—	Servant to <i>Sebastian</i> .
<i>Dul. Goldcalf</i>	—	Heir to a rich Usurer.
<i>Snap. ali. Sunkloe</i>	—	A decayed Gentleman, servant to <i>Goldcalf</i> .
<i>Captain Thunder.</i>	}	Pretenders to be cashiered Officers.
<i>Lievt. Cannon.</i>		
<i>Ensign Drake.</i>		
<i>Strephon</i>	—	An inconstant Shepherd.
<i>Aminor</i>	—	A constant Shepherd.
<i>Aurelia</i>	—	The Kings Mistresse, Daughter to <i>Sebastian</i> .
<i>Artesia</i>	—	A proud rich Lady, daughter to a deceased Lord called <i>Endimion</i>
<i>Bellira</i>	—	Woman to <i>Aurelia</i> , and Sister to <i>Snap</i> .
<i>Dorothy Dreswel.</i>	—	Woman to <i>Artesia</i> .
		<i>Executioner.</i>

The SCENE *Sicilie.*

The



THE JUST
GENERAL.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter *Antonio, Cornelius, Eugenio.*

Antonio.



I's certain truth, the Letters, this day, from our
Valiant General (to our young King) affirm
A Cessation Of Arms, on both sides,
For these three months.

Cornel. Can you guess the reason,
Our General having (as is supposed) much the
Advantage, should he give them battle.

Eugen. Believe it, our General

Hath to much honesty, mixt with knowledg, to
Condescend, to any thing can prejudice
Our King and Country.

Anton. He's a man, no one loves vertue can suspect,
I hear his Letter hath struck a drooping melancholy
In the King.

Cornel. Ti's truth, but the cause was not our Generals actions
But his Council, who (as ti's talkt) diswades him from
Loving the fair *Aurelia*: as a match too far beneath him.

Eugen. Ti's probable, for questionless he loves her much,
And pittie ti's the vertuous fair one hath not dowry
Equal her birth, and merit.

Anton. Which if she had, I know no reason, but she might
Make a wife, for any he that's mortall ———— *The King*

Flourish: Enter *King, Sebastiau Ferdinando*; and guard

King. Sebastin: me thinks, thou droop't as if thy spirits
Were with thy fortunes lost: both might be rais'd
Again, would but the subject please to let
His King command.

B

Sebast.

The Just General.

Sebast. He ill deserves the name of Subject that should Refuse to obey your just commands.

King. O *Sebastian*, What appears just to us, not season'd To the palate of the giddy headed multitude, To them's unjust.

'Tis not what we, but what they will that must.

Wher's *Aurelia* thy fair daughter?

Ferdinand. So please your Majesty, the Lady *Artesia* and she, Wait in the presence.

King. Go call them in: *Callants*, you hear our Army is—*Exit Ferd.* Like to have a breathing time, the General hath my Consent, for a three moneths Cessation.

Auton. Sir, the General (we know)

Can nothing act but what must visibly appear

(To men of reason) much advantageous, to your Self, and Country.

Enter Aurelia, Artesia, Ferdinando.

King. We doubt it not. How doth the fair *Artesia*—*Kisses her* What not yet in love? me thinks our Courtiers Are grown dull, but 'tis *Delirus* (son to our Noble General) is the man: Have I Not gne'tt unhappily?

Artesi. That's as it proves Sir,

King. May it prove well as I wish it,

Artesi. And may your Majesty in your love prove happy.

King. So wishes my *Aurelia*: if I mistake not—*Kisses her*

Artesi. My *Aurelia*: See, see, he kisses too close, as Contracted lovers, when fore't to part.—*side*

King. *Aurelia*: harbour not within thy Ivory breast, that Traytor to thy beauty, Melancholy; he's an ill guest, Not to be rooted out (if settled) but with a certain Ruine of that fair fabrick. There's not (within The compass of my power) that thing, thy vertue Can command, I will not carefully see perform'd, By my chaste love I will.

Aurel. Royal Sir, low as the earth, I thank you, you,—*She kneels* That can pity in distress, a thing not worth Your noble thoughts.

King. Arise, *Aurelia*: Reach me a chair there—*Takes Aurelia by the hand.*

Aurel. *Artesi*, stay. *(hand.)*

Artesi. When you are Queen perhaps I may obey—*Artesi offers to*

King. Call back *Artesi*. *Artesi*, what desert *(be gon.)* Your friends? come we must have your opinion too,—*Ferdinando goes off*

Reach another chair here. *Aurelia*, sit. *(Artesi returns.)*

Aurel. Pardon great Sir, the humblest of your handmaids.

King. Come sit I say, when you are Queen; *Artesi* Will obey, and as I am your King I do expect

No less from you.

Aurel.

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Aurel. Great Sir, the practice of my obedience,
Shall be my joyful study.

King. Show it in this, sit down.

Aurel. Your will, shall be my law.

King. Gentlemen, pray tell me (you that are Landlords
To the Commonwealth) what creature living
(Dares own me for his King) can justly envy
At the favours, I bestow on this fair Virgin—
What all silent? *Antonio,*
What say you?

Anton. Sir, I should be loath to stand engaged, for that many
Headed beast (the commonwealth) yet confidently
Dare say, ther's not, a Noble breast, would not
(With me) rejoyce to see, such vertue match't.

Artesi. This is gross flattery

—aside

King. *Artesia,* what say you?

Artesi. Sir, I am so far from diving into the thoughts of
Others, I hardly know my own.

King. But I can shrewdly guess them, and ne're cast a figure. *-Exit all*
All leave us, but wait in the next room. *(but King.)*

What are we Princes, boye other men, more then in,
Our care? I do remember (blest be his memory)
My Royal Father, would lay his hand upon my head
And say, boy, wed not thy self to pleasure, 'tis
An insinuating evil; which once imbrac't, and of
Thy heart possession got will ulcerate the body,
And if not timely cured, may infect the soul.
'Tis care, not pleasure, must preserve thy crown
Which if thou'd'st have, upon thy head, sit fast
Study to know thy subjects, and so rule:
Not to be thought too wise, nor yet their fool.

It was good counsel, which to my best of power, Ile labour
To finde out, and follow; here *Bellicosus* (our General)
Writes, my love to fair *Aurelia* is generally known
What if it be? and that considering her birth, and
Beauty, she may deserve my pitty not my bed,
And that the event may prove dangerous to act,
What the subject may make his pretence of quarrel:
(I had best have the banes of matrimony, askt in
Every Parish Church in my dominion, with the hands
Of the Parson, and Church-wardens, for the approbation,
Of the lawfulness of my choyce) but *Bellicosus*,
Is honest, and carefully instructs us for the best; as
One whose gray haire, pleads an insight, in those
State affaires, my unexperient youth, nere understood.
Besides, it was my Fathers charge, on his sick
Bed, I should 'bove all, take his advice,

As one, neer us in blood
 Whom he hath found, intirely faithfull to his Crown,
 'Tis ill to loose a subject, hardly to be found.
 You' powers above instruct my tender youth
 Love her (by all the Gods above) I do more then
 My life; Nor can I find a possibility, to spend
 The remnant of my days, on this frail earth,
 In peace, without I do injoy the fair
 Aurelia for my wife, what though she be poor
 In what our earthly fools adore, more then
 There Gods, she hath, in her Chast breast
 Virtue enough, for to redeem, forth from
 Captivity, bove half the world,
 Court dresse, that love it *Aurelia* I am thine
 As much from thee, entales thy vertue mine. ————— *Exit.*

Enter Mr. Dull Goldcalfe in an
 Antique dress, and Snap his man.

Gold. But *Snap* do'st thou still continue thy dissolution
 That there is, things mortall, and in Coars, like
 Women, that can deserve my imbraces.

Snap. Pardon me, Sir, I spoke not in the plural number.

Gold. Plurall, *Snap*; what's that

Snap. Why plurall signifies; more then one,
 Plurall, may be many

Gold. Plurall, many, I shall remember plurall; an excellent
 Word, what is that one, thou would'st make happy
 In my acquaintance.

Snap. She is a Lady, Nobly born; of a high Spirit,
 And heir to great Estate

Gold. Let her be as Nobly born as she will, I care not a pin
 And for her high spirit, her's that shall take it down ————— *Points to his*
 What may her state be, say you. *(sword.)*

Snap. Some five thousand pounds, *per annum.*

Gold. *Snap*, I understand you well, *per annum*
 Is by some kinswoman of hers, is't not so

Snap. Sir, you mistake *per annum* is meant
 Five thousand pound a year

Gold. A very trifle *Snap*, but because she is thy friend
 And I fear thou hast acquainted her with my good
 Parts, I may be mercifull, and pittie her.

Snap. I thank you Sir, I hope, she will deserve it

Gold. It may be so *Snap*; what may her name be

Snap. The Ladies name is *Artesia* Daughter, and heir to the
 Late deceased Lord *Endimion*

Gold. Heir me no heirs, when will her father dye

Snap. He hath been Coffind under ground this twelve-moneth

Gold. Nay then he may be dead, but *Snap*, you might have
 Told me so.

You

The Just General.

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You know her lodging.

Snap. I do Sir,

Gold. Some time to day Il' try her wit.

Snap. You will find her, well worded, and discreet.

Gold. For that *Snap*; I shall word with her. I believe, and
For discretion, those that know me, know I have
My share, *Snap*; hath not my Taylor done his part
How do I look.

Snap. Singular well Sir, for ill' be sworn their's none looks
Like you.

Gold. *Snap*; I do believe thee hark in thine ear. ——— *They whisper.*

Enter *Antonio, Cornelius, Eugenio.*

Corneli. 'Tis without question, he intends to make the fair
Aurelica, his Queen.

Anto. 'Tis doubtless so, And though the Generals letter
Some what displeas'd him, I find his resolution fixt
Which hath strangely wrought, an unaccustomed
Mirth in him.

Euge. By all the Gods, I joy in it

Corneli. He loves not vertue, doth not. In the name of ——— *Spyes*
Jupiter, what may yon' monster be *Goldcalfe.*
If a Baboon, he's of the largest size I ever saw

Eugeni. We know the beast, his name is *Dul.* *Goldcalfe* ——— *Gold-*
One (however ill bestowed) The fates have pleas'd *(calfe struts by)*
To shoure down wealth in abundance, I wonder much
Sebastians fortunes, being sunck, he begs not
This same fool oth' King, He hath an Estate
Few Noble men in our Land, can purchase
With their own

Anto. Now by the gods, it were but Justice, lets move it to
The King, Sebastians Noble mind will never
Condescend to do it

Corneli. By Jupiter, Il' joyn it'h motion, *Eugenio*, thou
Knowest the Guilded calfe
Prethe accost him, I long to see
How his inside doth, with his out agree

Gold. *Snap*; They have spyed me,
And come to do me reverence.

Eugeni. Mr. *Dull Goldcalfe*; your most undoubted friend
I shall desire you take acquaintance, of this my
Noble friend, I am confident he will deserve
Your love.

Gold. It may be so

Corneli. Noble Sir, Although a stranger to your worth,
Yet the Noble Character fame gives of you, hath
Encouraged me, to become, an humble suitor, you
Would vouchsafe, to list me amongst, those happ

Mortalls, you dain to stile your servants.

Gold. Snap; This is a large Complement,
Not suddenly to be answered

Snap. 'Tis stale and out of fashion.

Gold. Say you so? Sir though I understand by my man
Snap; your complement be stale and out of
Fashion, yet for this Gentlemans sake (I honour
With the name of friend) your suit is granted

Corneli. Right Noble Sir, I thank you

Eugeni. And I in his behalfe.

Anto. Mr. *Dull Goldcanlfe*, the confirmation of your
Health, is joy to me.

Gold. Noble *Antonio*, I give you plurall thanks,
And gentle men, I am glad I met you, I must
Trouble you on friday next to my wedding,
Snap; where shall it be?

Snap. For that we shall contrive

Eugeni. Please you to make us happy, in your brids name
And place of being, we shall be proud to waite on you.

Gold. Tell my friends her name, I have forgot it, I never
Saw her yet gentlemen

Anto. How ner'e saw your bride, and yet your match so neer

Gold. No faith not I, but Snap; will shew me where
She is, anon.

Eugeni. Snap; pray what may this creature be, that can
Deserve so high, and rich a match, as this my
Nob'e friend.

Snap. It is the Lady *Artesia*, daughter, and heir to the
Late deceased Lord *Endimion*.

Gold. And yet Snap; you told me he was dead

Eugeni. Noble friend he is

Gold. Say you so, 'twas more then I understood

Eugeni. And Snap; hath done you justice, she is the only
Match, for wealth, and beauty, our country doth afford

Gold. You will not fail to come then

Anto. Name but the place, and wee'll attend you

Gold. Snap; wee'll have it at the Cake-house
Behinde the Hospitall

Snap. Not for the world Sir, a Lady of her birth and breeding
Keep her weeding at a Cake house, 'twould be avile
Disparagement to you both

Gold. Why Snap; my father (I have heard him say)
Kept his wedding there, and he thought himself
As good a man, as she.

Snap. 'Tis true Sir, but now the fashions altered

Gold. Where lyes the fashion now

Snap. Her house will be the only place

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Gold. Gentlemen, at her house a Friday. I will about
It straight. Snap shew me the way ————— *Exit Gould, and Snap.*

Snap. I waite your worship.

Anto. He scapes well, with tossing in a blanket, if he
Dare attempt this, her high spirit, will have no mercy on him.

Eugen. 'Tis but the prologue to the misery, he is like to endure
His ignorance will be his daily punishment.

Corneli. By Jupiter, I neither hear, nor in my travels
Ever saw his fellow, in other shape then in
Long coats, and bells, what is his man, he seems
To be a cunning knave.

Eugen. The man hath better blood runs in his veins, then
His ridiculous master, and questionless, aims at his
Private ends, in this same borrowed shape
Of servingman.

Cornel. May he prosper in it, more then a bare subsistence,
For the fool's to much, come Gentlemen 'tis time
We did attend the King.

Anton. Then lead the way. ————— *Ex. Antonio, Cornelius, Eugenius.*

Enter Artesia, sol. looking in her glass.

Artesia. This is no flattering glass: if true, my judgement
Cannot find, *Aurelia's* face, five thousand pounds
A year, more beautiful then mine. I have been
Much flattered, if this face speak, not it self the
Best it'h Court; And at that rate, I have sufficiently
Tyraniz'd over my poor Idolaters, mong't whom
I must find out one, that must gladly act, what
Ever I prescribe,

Artesia must not, cannot see
Aurelia in the Throne of Majesty
And I a poor neglected looker on,
My fortune, and my beauty

Speak me (aloud) I do deserve the best.
And shall a beggers brat, skip o're my head, and
I, when 'tis to late, whine out my griefes, and
Say I might have done. *Aurelia*, you may be
Queen of Faries, or of some petty Island in the
Other world,

This is to hot for thee, thy eyes strike fire
When thoroughly quencht, mine then, will blaze the higher?
What monster have we here ————— *Enter Gould, and Snap?*

Gold. Snap. I perceive the Lady is at leasure, by being alone.
Præthe remember my service to her, and tel her I
Will finde some other time to wait on her.

Snap. By no means Sir, you shame your self for ever if
You speak not to her; could you have found a
Better time then when she is at leasure.

Gold.

Gold. Saft thou me so *Snap* ; Hem, hem, Lady :
Would it were out.

Artesi. Would what were out ?

Gold. Nay ther's it ; I cannot tell that ;
Snap ; tell her my name, and riches and that
I love her, for my good parts they'll speak for themselves.

Snap. This you must do your self ;
Or be for ever shamed.

Artesi. Sir, have you any thing to say to me ?

Snap. Now, now, now.

to *Gold.*

Gold. Lady my name is Mr. *Dull Goldcalfs*, of an
Ancient family ; my father, was above fourscore
When he dyed ; his arms is a sleeping calfe,
You may see them Lady in every Tavern window,
I have heard my father say they cost him
Forty shillings, my Estate is infinite ; for my parts
Judg you, if you have any wit.

Artesi. So much, I have, I think I know your business,
You come to proffer your self to be my jester.

Snap. She paises him home

Aside

Gold. No i'll be sworn Lady, *Snap* ; can tell
I am in earnest,

Artesi. Sirra I am indispos'd, to entertain a fool,
But if you dare be troublesome, i'll have you
cudgeld out of doors.

Gold. Why Lady, take you me for a fool
And a coward.

Snap. Else she mistakes abominably

aside

Gold. If you do Lady, I can dispence with my conscience
Chooße my side, and with my mony buy a Colonels
Place, entertain half a score casheer'd,
Officers that shall be at my command,
Can I not *Snap*,

Snap. But when their monyes done, (you feed
Them with) they will command you.

Gold. To give them more mony, i't not so *snap* ?

Snap. Very right.

Gold. But *Snap*, because they shall command but seldom
I'll give them swinging sums at a time, ther's divers
Of my kinsmen have don't before me
Lady, how do you like my way ?

Artesi. So well, that if you do not find it ont quickly
I'll make my foot man show it you by the head
And shoulders.

Gold. Thanks Noble Lady, *Snap* and I know
The way very well, no ceremonie Lady to your servant ;
But you mistake me Lady, I mean the

way

Way of being (for your preferment) a Colonel,
For no disparagement to you Lady, I have
Heard that Colonels are no Cobblers, nor
Tinkers, but companions for Princes,
Be they not *Snap*?

Artifi. This *Als* is troublesome. Well Sir
I have considered of it, and when
You are a Cocker or a Tinker, (I mean a
Collonel) you shall expect a
Further answer from me

Exit Artista.

Gold. Hay *Snap*, was it not well done to make
My self a Colonel? I had ne're carried
The peevish ape else.

Snap. Most excellent well contrived. Now
Sir, that she may understand that you are a
Very Colonel, for so you suddenly must be;
I speedily will endeavour to find out some of
These Officers you speak of, on whom
I must spend freely, and after you have
Furnish't them well with money (which you
Must do) ther's not a vintner, nor Ale-house keeper
In the City, but within three dayes
After receipt, will with cap in hand salute
Your Officers, as thus. Save you Noble Captain;
Save you Noble Lievetenant, how fares it with
Your Noble and truly valiant Colonel
Goldcalf. Ten dayes will ripen your
Fame to that perfection, that not a
Parrot, nor starling in the City, but will prattle
Colonel Goldcalf. This to your Lady known,
(As soon 'twill be) you need not
Doubt her favour.

Gold. O rare *Snap*; about it straight,
Thou shalt have money store. And *Snap*;
Because she shall not understand *I* am a
Usurer, as was my scraping father,
I summon in all my principal money,
Hang use, we'll find use for't
Shall we not *Snap*?

Snap. Admirable use (Noble Colonel.)

Gold. Sa't thou me so boy? her's half a piece
For that, how rarely it sounds, (Noble Colonel)
Come away *Snap*; *I* long to be confirm'd a Colonel---*Exit Goldcalf and*

Enter Aurelia sol.

(*Snap.*)

Aurel. The king, is sure, too full of Noble thoughts, to
Play upon my present misery, and to believe those
Favours he bestowed (so publickly) on me, as real, as

Spoken they appear'd ; would amaze one that deserves
No better then my self. You gods give me, a worthy
Patience to undergo, what ere' you lay

Upon me. Noble *Antonio*,

Enter Antonio

Wellcome, what newes from Court ?

Anton. Most Excellent Lady, by (me unworthy)
The King commends his best of love to your faire self,
Who sadly knowing, fortune hath blindly dealt
With you, and doubting your present supplies,
Hath sent you a thousand pounds, which he
Commands you to dispose of, as what he hath
Pronounc't, your own.

Aureli. I humbly thank his Majesty. *Ferdinando*—*Enter Ferdinando.*

Ferdinand. Madam.

Aureli. Lay by that bag.

Ferdinan. Madam I shall ————— *Exit. Ferdina.*

Aureli. Your burthen (*Antonio*) hath heat you,
I hope it is not in respect of me,

You use this Ceremony. ————— *Meaning, being uncovered.*

Antoni. Madam, it is a reverence, my loyalty commands,
To her, my King, intends his Queen.

Aureli. Fye *Antonio*, This speaks you aright Courtier
But to me, the poorest of your friends,
It was too much.

Anto. Madam, I ever shall acknowledg the Court
The place hath brought me up,
Yet never look't on flattery with other eyes,
Then those that saw it monstrous,
It is my judgment, not my will that ers, if I miſake
The King.

Aureli. Which sure you do *Antonio*, and easie may
Confess it, as what's your Princes daily exercise,
(His charity) your judgments known too sound,
To entertain a thought,
The King whose state and vertue, can
Command the worthiest she,
His own and neighbouring Princes Country
Doth afford: can cast his eyes upon a
Wretched thing fortune is pleas'd to frown on,
My poor defects, examin'd by my self;
And known, can swell my humble thoughts,
Up to no higher pitch then to be known his
Grateful creature, and when my prayers, for
Him and duty to his Majesty I neglect,
May I be blasted, as one not worthy day light.

Anton. And may his envy burst him, that looks with
Grudging eyes, on your prefer'd defects.

Aurelia

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Aurel. Thanks good *Antonio*. And to the King,
My duty; and my thanks as heartily as I pay
The gods in my devotion.

Anton. And may you be,
No more nor less then what I wish to see ;
So blessings attend your goodness. —————

Exit.

Aurel. How rare doth honesty at Court appear,
Yet is not strange, when vertuous Princes see'r. —————

Exit.

Enter *Smeklow*, alias *Snap*, and *Bellira* his sister.

Snuk. Come, you are too fondly peevish, and
Must be rul'd, you know our fortun's sunck
Beyond recovery, (but by this means)
Have I with early care and pains,
Made it my study to contrive (most for your good) in
This neglected shape of slavery, a way to raise
Our low sunck house. And must you out of a
Self wil'd nicitie, refuse that which your betters
Gladly would imbrace (and joy to compass)
What freely I have offer'd, to throw into your armes.
Consider, and be wise, for rather then I'l act the fool,
To my own ruine, and others mirth,
I'l leave my Country, never to return, where
You may live to say, you had a friend ————— *Offers to go.*
And brother.

Belli. O Gentle Brother; stay, hear me but speak,
You would not tye me to a thing. I shall be sham'd
To own, a gilded monster, one that the people never call
A man, but when he buyes the title. Come, you do
But this to try me. I know you are too full of Noblenesse
To engage me to a miserie, I cannot hope for end of,
But with the losse of life; be merciful in your
Commands, and i'l obey.

Snuk: How have you spent your time, hath not your
Court experience, nor education in the Common wealth,
Taught you to understand, he wants for no good parts,
That hath enough to purchase tongues at his command?
Besides, when valour (although not in himself)
But once is known, to curb the daring Talker,
He may as freely passe the muster-role of Gentry
As he, that yestherday Comment't at *Paris*.
Come, you must and shall be rul'd, or loose a friend,
More pretious, then most Brothers
You know *Gold-calf* young, and easie wrought upon,
Apt (yet enough) to take any impressiion your more solid
Judgement shall find fit to mould him in. No whining,
But consent, the rest shall be my care to see perform'd.
Come, come, your speedy answer; 'Tis the last I'll urge.

The Just General.

Belli. Things of this high concernment, require some time
Of study, which I shall urge you grant.

Sunk. Be speedy, as what much concerns our businesse
And think, what women would refuse so rich a fool ;

The world goes well with woman, when they rule. ——— *Exit,*

Belli. To such as do desire it. All I can think, or say,
Studie, or not, I find I must obey. ——— *Exit.*

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter *Dorothy Dreswel* sol. as from sleep.

Dorothy,

Hey, ho, I have had the most sweetest, pleasant't
Comfortabl't dream, That ever woman wak't from.

Beshrew their noise, that put me out on't,

Me thought I could have spent—all this morning in't ;

Venus assist us, we may dream,

For we have but little comfort waking ;

Waiting call you it ? yes we are waiting women,

We may wait long enough, ere these

Courtiers will do a poor soul a good turn.

Yet, Why do I rail at them ?

They are but men, flesh, and blood,

And can do no more then they can do.

It is our unmercifull Ladies, that give the poor souls

No breath, nor time to recrate.

What hopes can we have then ?

Yes, *Ferdinando*, the Lord Sebastians man,

Begins to promise something ;

Yet he com's on too, just like a posse Captain

With his forlone,

Vpon a breach he hath been beaten from ;

But time and experience may increase his valour.

And see to my wish, he is here. ——— Enter *Ferdinando*,

Ferdin. Fair Mistris *Dorothy*. I kiss your hand.

Dorot. You may make more bold, and be more welcome
Sweet *Ferdinando*.

Ferdin. Fair one, you have invited me to a blis,
Exceeds what men call joyes on earth.

Dorot. 'Tis all you Courtiers can do, to dissemble
With our sex.

Ferdin. Number not me, amongst the prophanes
Of such beauty, I must for mercy sue to : if I may
Hope to enjoy, what you fair self, hath only to dispose of.

Dorot.

Dorot. You will not finde me proudly Coy,
'Tis love in love (they say) makes all the joy.

Ferdin. This kifs,
The happy prologue to our ensuing blifs.
The businels (I gladly snatcht to wait on your
Fair self) was to commend my Ladies service
To the fair *Artesia*: please you to let her
Vnderstand so much.

Dorot. Sweet *Ferdinando*, I shall, as one your
Employment hath made proud. ————— *Exit. Dorot.*

Ferdin. If you be proud, the devil shall
Lime you for me; was there ever such a piece of
(Second-hand formality) wrapt up in silk?
The Goat, and sparrow's chaff to her,
Il' have her married to a Regiment of Swifs,
The Eldest company will but awake her luste;
Nor shall the youngest find reason to despair
She'l not hold out, she's return'd quick. ———— 1 ————— *Enter Dorot.*

Dorot. My Lady (seemingly) thanks the fair
Aurelia, and doth return her service, but so
Coldly, as if she intended not to deserve
Wages for it.

Ferdin. 'Tis strange my onely joy, (for so I now
Shall make bold to call you) can you guess the cause?

Dorot. Why truly yes, (I shall not doubt your secrecy)

Ferdin. Not if you think I love; Racks cannot
Force reveal, when you command a silence.

Dorot. Then know, my Lady hates *Aurelia*,
More then she loves to be admired.

Ferdin. And that's enough. By what strange means
Hath she deserv'd it?

Dorot. Her envy for the favours, the King
(Is pleas'd) bestow on her, while she
(As she conceives) is slighted.

Ferdin. 'Tis probable, And what you have pleas'd
To impart, is with my love lockt here. ————— *Points to his heart.*

This kifs. Time calls away, ————— *Kisses her.*

When Cupid knows 'tis here, my heart bids stay, ————— *Exit Ferdin.*

Dorot. Blessings go with thee; despair not wench.

My dream some pleasure brought
A reall wake's beyond a sleeping thought. ————— *Exit. Dorot.*

Enter Delirus Sol. From the camp.

Artesia not at Court? with her my business lyes,

What ever to my father I pretend.

'Tis well the King pickt out *Aurelia* for his
Choise, my jealous heart first at the sound
He loved, began to faint.

Enter

*The Just General.*Enter *Anto. Eugeni.*

Anto. Delirus, welcome to Court
We hope the valiant General (your Noble father)
Enjoys his health.

Deli. He do's; and by me saluts you both
As his best of friends.

Anto. We thank him, and wish victory may
Crown his actions.

Deli. You make him happy in such noble friendship.
Pray Gentlemen how fares it with our vertuous King?
The camp generally speaks him in love,
In which they wish him prosper.

Eugeni. So we do all, as you in your fair Choice, *Artesia*

Deli. Truly *Eugenio*, I should be proud for
To be known her servant, (would she accept the
Service.) And do confess it were a happiness,
I know none greater could I deserve her favour, which
She well knows I am too unworthy of.

Eugeni. A souldier *Delirus*, and doubt the Co nquest.
Men that would seem to know,
Reports she loves you.

Deli. *Eugenio* report's their own,
I shall believe it too, when truth 'tis known

Enter *Artesia.*

Anto. See where she comes, a confirmation
To your wish't success, Crown your desires ———

Exit *Anto. Eugeni.*

Deli. Content wait on *Artesia*, fairest of thy sex ——— Kisses her.

Artesi. *Delirus* welcome, how faire
Our friends i'th camp.

Deli. As men, whose swords your beauty
Sharpens; resolutely well.

Artesi. Sure you mistake *Delirus*, you mean
The Kings Mistris, the faire *Aurelia*.

Deli. Madam; The King looks not with
My eyes, he is young, and possible may erre in's
Tender judgment. would he be tryed by votes,
His double voice would hardly carry it.

Artesi. You have a smack ot'h Court yet;
Delirus this favours not ot'h Camp;
Do they dissemble there too?

Deli. My faithfull love speak for me,
I understand it not.

Artesi. Do you love me then?

Deli. So well, I must not live, if you
Refuse to accept it.

Artesi. But.

Deli. But, what Maddam? If a piece of duty,

Within

Within the compass of my poor power, hath
Been by me neglected, let me but know
Wherein I have offended, and I'll redeem it,
Though with the loss of life.

Artesia. I take you at your word. And know, I can
Return so much of love again, I equally will ingage it'h
Hazard, dare you (with me) joyn, to revenge
My wrongs? till righted, I have vow'd
A single life

Deli. Else may my blood turn cold as Iberian Ice ;
And may my name be (through all after Ages)
Blasted with coward.

Artesia. Enough, I dare not doubt the non performance;
Of whats so firmly bound, yet least you startle,
I Must enjoyn your secrecie,

Deli. Which I (by all the Gods) vow to perform.

Artesia. Then know, it is the King hath wrong'd me,
Dare you now right me.

Deli. Protect me all you powers ; the King ; pray speak——*He starts.*
That I may understand you.

Artesia. Then thus, the love he bears *Aurelia*, too loudly is
Proclaim'd not to be known by you, who not content
(In publick to acknowledg) must in the face of all the Court,
Make me, his scornful mirth, whil'st every fawcy flattering groom,
Derides my sufferings, as one, that not deserv'd
Common commiseration : you now have understood my
Griefe, and if your love burn with that fervent
Flame, you have with protestation here profess'd,
I shall expect you Act, what I prescribe, and you
Engag'd (by oath) stand bound for to perform

Deli. Why do I shake ? you have an Angels shape,
Proclaims you vertues storchouse ; there cannot then proceed,
Forth from a Mine of vertue , a bastard issue.
I know you are as good as faire, and in that
Confidence, stand prepar'd, to put in execution,
What you vouchsafe command.

Artesia. The King then must not live.

Deli. The gods forbid it, my blood begins to chill,
The very name of King, hath struck an icy coldness
Through my veins, my sinews shrink, and strength
(Like an ungrateful servant) deserts me in
My misery. O yet be merciful ; and let this piece
Of life I hold, appease your anger, and
Redeem my King

Artesia. You have shown your love, valloir, and strength
Of protestations in your fear. — I did bat this to try
You, suppose t'had been a subject wrong'd me.

Deli.

Del. O that again, and but the knowledg of a name,
You'd have destroy'd, and by our loves 'tis done.

Artesi. 'Tis *Aurelia*.

Del. A simple woman, poor maid, I am thy murderer.

Artesi. A souldier *Delirus*, and so tender conscienc'd,
Think what 'tis you enjoy (my love) no beggars fortune
With it; besides I'll take you off from being
Executioner, which if enjoyn'd you were bound
For to perform by Oath. *Ferdinando* servant
To old *Sebastian*, is poor, and vehemently
Courts my woman, who with the promise
Of her love and gold to boot, you easily may
Tempt, for to perform the deed, either
By poyson, or as you both shall else contrive.
What hopes can you expect, I can enjoy a peace
Within my self, when she is Queen, that at the
Hopes of rising, dares publickly affront me?
You cannot love, and yet refuse to sight me.
I must acknowledg. I have not boasted much of
Love to you, yet dare confesse,
Had you been wrong'd like me, my tears bear ———— *Pretends to weep.*
Witness for me; I should have righted you
Though life had been engag'd.

Del. As I will thee, urge it no more, 'tis done;
Dry those fair eyes.

This kiss confirms she sleeps, *Aurelia* dead

Our joyes at full, leap to our marriage bed. ———— *Ex Ambo*

Enter Snap, Captain Thunder, Lieutenant Cannon, and Ensign Drake.

Snap. You understand your charge.

Thund. At full.

Snap. Then see you do performe with care,
As you expect to eate again.

Thund. Thou man of Mars we shall, recruits
Must then acrew the trifling summs exhausted we
Received Not a denier, our linings can produce.

Snap. Already gone, all on the gut or have you victuall'd
For this week, fearing a siege of Bailiffs; pray let
Me understand what you must spend aday, I
May prepare to furnish you, my Ignorance
May make me erre.

Cannon. Nobly spoken, and to the purpose,
Thou man of metall. Captain our usuall rates declare.

Capt. Lieutenant, I understand you, you mean
When loaden with the spoyl, we did return victors
From *Poland*.

Ensign. Or when that powerfull arm (with
Our assistance) fell on the rear of th' *Swisse*;

The Just General.

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In which great slaughter we seal'd ten thousand
Pounds, then but a trifle.

Lien, Or,

Snap. Or when you spoke truth, which no man
Can remember. Come, come, no noise, nor blustering — *Snap stops the*
Here, I understand you well, and shall (if you dare *(Lieutenant's*
Talk such words;) but when I licence you, return *(mouth.*
You with your leaguer pipes to the chimney-corner,
Where when your doxyes nim the pocket small,
You then perhaps may drink again, and then
Betwixt each draught, recount your valourous acts
To oyster wives, who can admire them, and
Weep at every arm or leg, you phillip from the
Foe, sighing parentheses at your sad Catastrophe,
Why you worms, poor as Carthusian monks,
That borrow titles, to fright Tapsters from their reckonings.
And dare usurpe titles of honour you never understood,
Could you hope with your con'd speeches ever to possess, me
With belief, that you were valiant; or ever fought,
But when engag'd for reckonings with your Host,
Or with the boyes for to redeem your Ladyes
From the pumpe, which you protect not out of love,
But lively-hood; and though the sin of theft
You love, as what you live by, yet dare you not
Attempt your selves, more for fear of beating then
The law. But thrust your females into danger,
Who once a moneth do pennance under lash for
Your maintenance. What, all silent? *Lieutenant, faith*
What might your last great victory in Poland
Be worth to you? *Ensign*; speake, what brave a
Acheivements lately.

Cap. Thou man of knowledg, we do recant,
Nor will we more the History of war repeat.

Lien. Victorious Sir, we are your captives,
Command and we'll obey.

Snap. Then to your holes again; all is forgot,
Your bodies Il' see vampe; which if you dare
But pawne, Il' finde a baliffe shall Command
In chiefe, mean time her's to subsist, ————— *Gives them money.*
Till further order you receive; and as you do
Expect supplies from me, be carefull in the
Husbanding of this, adieu ————— *Exit. Snap.*

Capt. Heroick Sir, Your bounty hath chain'd us to
Your commands, we are your moving creatures. ————— *Ex. Om.*

Enter Sebastian Ferdin.

Sebast. Breathe there in Christian shape,
Such monsters? *Ferdinando*, be carefull in your relation,

The'yr things you utter of a high concernment;
 Suppose *Artesia* monstrous as you make her,
Delirus hath a noble soul, and surely would not
 Aid her in a fact, but to repeat is horrid;
 Besides *Aurelia* (poor Girl) ne'r understood
 What 'twas to injure any thing had life.

Ferdin. O Sir, your noble soul (too innocent to
 Vnderstand the guilt in their foul breasts) will
 Not give leave to think; what pride and envy harbour.
 My service (though far unworthy your
 Acceptance) after this ten years tryall (I hope)
 Cannot beget suspicion of a truth; I soundly can
 Maintain. Behold this ————— *Pulls out a purse.*
 Purse full of *Delirus* gold, by him put in this
 Hand to murder your *Aurelia*.

Sebast. Protect her you just powers,
 Why did'st thou take it?

Ferdin. To save her life, which else had been
 In hazard. Had I refus'd to undertake the
 Murder, my single testimony would have appear'd
 My shame, as not believed, when he should
 Please deny it; and some distressed wretch tempted
 With gold, have been her executioner.

Sebast. Thy bare testimony, is yet all can be
 Alledged against them.

Ferdin. Her woman with me is brib'd, who as they
 Vainly think I fondly dote upon, who I must
 Have in marriage (for sooth) into boote;
 Who should I urge to witness against the
 Murderers, she might be brib'd gainst me.

Sebast. Thou faithfullest of servants, preserver
 Of our lives, my wretched state unable to
 Requite thee, produces tears of sorrow. ————— *He weeps,*
 The gods reward thy trust, and may they bountifully
 Shower their blessings on thy head.

Ferdin. My Honoured Lord, dry those aged
 Eyes, for my reward his great, in your
 Acknowledging me your creature; it was but mercy
 To my self, to keep my self from sin. Honoured
 Sir, Think what's to be done, in what so
 Much concerns you.

Sebast. The thought of so much wickedness,
 Captives my reason, I know not what to think, or
 Do; what do'st thou think most fit?

Ferdin. Since you are pleas'd command my
 Poor advice, my duty binds me thus. The
 Favour our virtuous King hath deign'd to shower

On your faire daughter, hath been great,
And what may swell to yet stands doubtfull.
Could you (with the consent of her) unknown
To the Court, for a small time convey her to some place
Of safety; the King would then (as needs you
Must pretend no knowledg of her being) expresse
That love as yet is but suspected; the which
When known, as your grave wisdom shall direct, our
Course we'll steere, besides my attendance on her
In disguise makes for my safety. And if so
Great and honourable a charge may be committed
To me unworthy, I shall with care and duty
Expresse my joy to imbrace it.

Sebast. Ferdinando. I should ungratefull be,
For to suspect neglect of care of her, thou hast preserved
From death; take her into thy charge, she is
Still *Aurelia*; who knows not how to disobey,
Whatever I command.

Blessings light on you both, you prosper must,
Where ther's so good a child, a man so just ————— *Ex. Ambo.*

Enter Delirus Sol.

Del. How black and ugly to my self do I
My self appear? methinks my hands looke
Bloody; and my friends stare on my face with that
Unaccustomed earnestness, as if they saw my
Guilt. 'Tis but my foolish fancy, a factious spirit
Within me that rebels, which I'll suppress.
How many thousand in our kingdome quaffe
Up this cup, that never starte in sleep. And yet
Methinks sometimes I hear the innocent faire on,
With milky hands held up for mercy
Pleading. *Artesia* too (the price of blood)
Who I must love if live; she yet as faire
Appears as Sainted innocence, sure 'twas but
Justice in her, and no fault at all. Then am I
Quit, when we too are but one.

Enter Artesia.

See where she comes, no Angel but of light,
Durst ere assume that shape. Justice it self,
Must quit me for a fact, the gods would have
Committed. to have enjoyed that Saint.
What man that is but mortal would refuse my guilt,
But for to touch that lip? My *Artesia*, I bring
You joy; *Aurelia*'s not long liv'd

Artesia. My dear *Delirus*, is it done?

Del. Few hours will confirm it, the slave
Bit greedily at the golden bait, and cunningly
Contriv'd her death, as thus. He as his custome is,

trusted to guard *Aurelia* in her private walks,
Drills her to the sea side; where drown'd, he
straight way ships for flight.

Artesia. 'Tis to my wish; but from my woman,
This must be kept close, she dotes on him,
And must not know his flight.

Delia. Aptly considered, her death once known
Our long'd for joys draw neer. Sweetest faire one,
I must a little leave thee, and to Court; from whence
I hope to bring thee news, she's lost;
This kiss, farwell. ————— kisses her.

Artesia. Pray make no stay.

Delia. When thou command'st 'twere sin, not to obey ————— *Ex. Delia*.

Artesia. How vainly hope, fond fools deludes:
Delirus, thou art contracted my instrument, not yet
My husband; where ther's a Prince, I cannot love
A subject; *Aurelia* dead? *Delirus* stands too deep engag'd
(Although his passion boyl) to dare an injury to me.
And then, (who knows,) but that the King may cast his eyes
On me; my wealth and beauty, (if I mistake not) will put
Him to his travels to out-match them.
That spirit's poor, and weak that judgement's seen,
Who lives a subject that may be a Queen. ————— *Exit*

Enter Snap, Gold.

Gold. Snap. 'Tis strange; I do nothing but dream
Of that Lady, I would I were a Colonel we might be
Married: When shall I see my Officers?

Snap. I have appointed some of them to wait upon you
Here, I wonder at their stay, I hope they'r not
Engag'd in fight; which should they be in
Some unlucky quarrel,
The streets would bleed.

Gold. Will they fight so *Snap*; they'l not be angry with
Me, that give them money I hope.

What are their names? how must I call them?

Snap. You must observe their Titles, as I present them
To you; the Captain (however, through the fortune
Of the wars, brought low) is Nobly born, and
Must your kinsman be, as one that's neer allyed unto
The fair *Artesia*, your beautious Mistress; whom you (with
Great respect must use) as the onely man, should
She prove coy, can make you happy in her marriage;
For know, she fortifies her self upon his judgement,
And must approve her choice.

Gold. Honest *Snap*; how I love thee; then he saith I shall
Have her? If he do, he shall want nothing.

Snap. Sir, I have procur'd you his consent; and know

He could not want, would his great spirit give him
Leave to spend some of his Couzens thousands ;
Which as she's a woman, he scorns to do. And to the
Furtherance of your business, know you are much in's
Favour, he will accept your mony.

Gold. Which *Snap*, he shall not want while
I have any ; and so I'll tell him.

Snap. 'Twer an affront, your life would hardlie satisfie ;
For know, what ere (by me) you let him have,
Should he perceive that you but notice took on't ; his fury
would be great, and he in scorn return your mony, besides
The certain loss, of your faire Mistris.

Gold. Sai'st thou me so *Snap* ; why then I'll not say
A word on't.

Snap. By no means Sir ; I think I hear them comming.

Enter *Lieutenant Cannon*, *Ensigne Drake*, holding
Captain Thunder, with their swords drawn

Lieutenant. Renowned Captain, the slaughter (you have
Made is great, and furie may be slack't.

Captain. Now by my fathers Ghost (who when alive)
The Tamer of the Eastern world, let go your hold,
Or mercy I forget. And shall the son of Mars be bark't at,
By the whelps of Lilly, and not destroy the fry ?

Snap. Sir, speak to the Noble Captain,
You may appease his fury.

Gold. Pray Sir, let me entreat you put up your Sword.

Capt. Sir you have prevail'd, ————— *Puts up his sword.*
Your breath hath from the jaws of death,
Redeem'd the caitiffes, which else had slept,

Gold. Sir I thank you, pray how
fell you out ?

Capt. Lieutenant, my breath is hot, declare
To this (my Noble friend) the matter.

Liev. Then mark, for thus it chanc't :
My ever to be renowned Captain, from
Visiting his Cozen, (a vertuous Lady your
Worthy self is pleas'd to honour with the name of
Mistris) her coach being ————— *Gold. Hum, Hum.*
Otherwise imployed, on foot made hither ;
When in the street (and not far hence) some scattered
Troops, of Curiaffiers chanc't to pass by, an
Officer it'h Reare, (whether by chance) or at
My Captain is unknown, held up his finger to his
Nose ; which soon my Captain seeing, (not
Ufd to such affronts) straight drew his sword,
And with a blow glanc't from his
Armour, kil'd his horse.

Snap. The Officers horse you mean,
That held his finger up.

Liev. The very same ; when on the ground,
My Captain scorning to take advantage on
His foe, gave him fair leave to rise,
VWho being up, presum'd to draw, (which dear
He paid for) ; for with the loss of his sword
Hand, he was forc't retreat ; my Captain being
Merciful, was pacified with this. His bloody
Sword, not being fully sheathed, when back,
A Troop return'd threatening (allow'd revenge)
But had you seen, (how then) like lightning, my Captain
Flew about him, you would have thought, the god
Of warr. had then descended from his throne,
For to destroy the world ; my Captain by the multitude
Engag'd, we to his rescue drew ; who we,
Through lanes of scatter'd limbs redeem'd, and as you saw
Brought off, impatient we withheld him
From further pursuit of the foe.

Snap. VVith what a confidence the impudent rogue
Delivers his invention.

Capt. Lieutenant. no more, the skirmish is not worthy mention, *aside*
Sir your attention hath been great to what deserves but
Little, I shall be honour'd in your acquaintance as
One, my fair Cozen *Artesia*, is proud to call her Servant :
Pray take some notice of these Gentlemen,
However fortune places the whore with them,
You'll find them men of metal.

Snap. If of any, 'twill be of his own *aside*
Gold. Gentlemen, I am proud to be your friend.

Liev. As we to acknowledg our selves to be your
Vassals, Noble Colonel.

Capt. Noble Cozen, for shortly I must call you so.

Gold. Good Captain no more of fighting
If you love me, I shall ne're hold out another Conquest.

Capt. The Drums shall beat no more, nor Trumpets
Sound of warr, what think you of the *Spanish*
Grape ? Shall we to the Tavern go my valiant Colonel ?
Where we will tosse your mistresses in good Canary.

Gold. Valiant Colonel, he has it right. Captain I'll wait on
You, but Gentlemen there will be no fighting ?

Capt. Who draws his steel's ; my foe.

Gold. Nay Gentlemen ; if there should, you see I am
Not unprovided ; but Noble Captain let not your Cozen, — *Points to his*
Know I am given to quarelling. *(Sword.)*

Capt. He sleeps, that dares pronounce it.
Colonel pray lead the way,
A feast my stomach, better fits, then fray.

Snap.

Snap. Miraculous ! he has uttered truth ————— *Aside.*
Gold. Come *Snap.* *Ensigne* command your
 Lievtenant to follow ————— *Ex. Om.*

Enter *Antonio, Cornelius, Eugenio.*

Eugen. 'Tis above wonder, where she should be,
 If dead she would be found ; and if alive,
 I know no cause of discontent, she had
 To quit the Court.

Anto. It is a thing, ther's not two heads in all the Court,
 'Gree in one thought. Some that that the King is
 Privy to her retirement ; others that she's made away,
 But on what grounds, they know not, and every one their
 Verdict spends, while none knows where she is.

Cornel. That which, to me most strange appears, is
 That her father, the lord *Sebastian* ; (inrag'd
 With sorrow) utterly disclaims the knowledg of
 Her being ; but that which much suspicion breeds, is
 That *Ferdinando* is missing too, who questionless (if
 Alive) must know how she's disposed of ; the
 Fellow too, ever accounted entirely
 Faithful to his master.

Eugen. What course is taken in the
 Search of her.

Anton. To all parts messengers dispatch'd ;
 Noble *Delirus*, Welcome, Is faire Enter *Delirus*.
Aurelia heard of ?

Delis. Nor will be I think. Gentlemen good day to you.
 The King is close retyred into his clofset, nor will
 Admit to speak with any.

Cornel. If so, 'tis then without dispute, he knows not
 Of her being.

Delis. 'Tis bu'zd (but upon what intelligence I know not)
 That shee was seen neer the sea side, some that
 She's fled with *Ferdinando* ; others that Pirats seaf'd
 Her, but both improbable ; the harbour being
 So neer, and yet none know it.

Enter *King.*

King. Gentlemen, a nobler imployment (at such a time
 As this) would more become you all. All leave us ————— *Ex. All but King,*
 The faire *Aurelia* gone, and none knows whether ?
 Yes, there is some that knows — it must be so.
 I am confirm'd in't, This is our Generals plot.
 'Tis he is King, and he shall rule ; he had no way but
 This, to gain it with his credit ; sure he would
 Not murder her, he lives not that can do't, and
 Look her in the face. The Courtiers cannot all be

Ignorant

Ignorant of this, (but I may find a time to pay
 Them for their Loyalty) Poor harmless maid, thy
 Virtue all good men should protect, hath been
 Thy ruine. You gods above (the just protectors
 Of my childhood) give me a manly patience to
 Vndergo what you are pleas'd to inflict upon me :
 I must dissemble griefe, how ere unfit to act
 Another part. *Aurelia*. Thy King must now
 Turn wanderer, for by those gods whose aid I crave,
 I'll leave no ground unsearcht, while life supports
 My fainting limbs, till I'm confirmed thou art alive
 Or dead.
 If living 'Im rewarded, but if dead
 That grave injoys thy body, is my bed.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Enter Anto. Enge. Cornel.

Anto. **T**Hese stormes presage no good. The
 Generall now arrived at Court,
 Whose business with the King requires haste ; *Delirus*
 VVith confidence conveighs him to the King his
 Closet ; where when arrived, instead of King
 They found a letter with his own hand writ, directed
 To the General. what the contents are, is unknown
 To any but himself, but his distracted looks
 Speak them not pleasing. The Gods prevent
 VVhat I much fear.

Cornel. 'Tis to be fear'd indeed ; this strange conveyance of
Aurelia we sadly may lament ; for questionless he
 Loved her much, but where he should abscond
 Himself, or go without assistance of some 'ith Court,
 Is more then ordinary strange. The gods instruct
 His youth, and bring to light the authors of these troubles.

Enge. Amen ; Nor is there mis't (a man) it'h
 Court, we can conceive the King would make
 Privie to any secret design of his ; it is impossible
 He should be far or long unheard of ; But see,
 Here comes the Generall.

Enter General Delirus Fabius. The General reading
 to himself the King his letter,

Gener. The gods assist me, what ridl's this ?
Gentlemen. *Antonio* your care, The rest I
 Shall intreat forbear the room.

Antonio

Antonio ; The King I ever ———— *Ex. All but the General, and Anto.*
 Have observed , hath loved you much , nor
 Hath it been without your just desert. Pray peruse
 That letter, it must be he (if any) the King--- *Anto. Reads to himself.*
 Imparts his secrets to ———— *Aside.*

Anto. My Lord, I understand it not, more
 Then that *Aurelia* being strangely shuffled out
 O'th way o'th sudden, where none will seem to know,
 Hath caus'd his discontent.

Gen. Aurelia ; (the gods protect her innocence)
 I hope she is not murder'd.

Anto. My Lord, I hope so too, for sure
 Ther's not (on earth) a soul so black,
 Can act the murderer.

Gen. Forbid it all you powers, knows not the
 Lord Sebastian of her being ?

Anto. His griefe and close retyrement,
 Confirms him ignorant.

Gen. I am amaz'd with horrour ; *Antonio* prethe
 Read out, for sure my aged eyes mistake,
 Or else I fain would think so. ———— *Anto. Reads to him the Kings letter.*

Amasius.

Anto. My Lord, we received yours, dated
 The fifteenth of this instant ; but were to weak in
 Judgment to understand your plot. Which the
 obscureness of our travell confirms, takes well ;
 Some small pretence of sorrow for my departure,
 May make good your title. I am in health,
 And shall return ere long : In the mean time,
 Remember I had a father loved his subjects well.
 If you have spar'd the life of poor *Aurelia*, use
 Her as one, on whose well doing my life depends.

Gen. Rash and uncharitable young man,
 My tears in pitty ———— *Weeps.*

For thy folly shall Plead me guiltless. Have I
 With sweat and blood (proud of the toyl) this
 Thirty years and upward ; when this unhappy
 Kingdome with fear and conquest almost spent,
 Redeem'd thy tottering state from swift approaching
 Slavery, when every eye proclaim'd their fear,
 And every down cast look despair.
 Rais'd thy low sunck fortunes to such a height,
 Thy (then victorious foe) now trembles to behold?
 And must I now have treason and murder
 Lay'd to my charge for my reward.

Antonio thou art honest, one that the flattering
 Court could ne'r bring (yet) 'ith fashion ;

Præthe tell me, have I deserv'd this black,
Vngratefull charge?

Anto. My Honoured Lord, may I become a scorn
To vertue, if ought of these sad accidents
I know; nor can I guess from whence the
Rise should come, more then the discontent
Your letter brought with it.

Gen. Protect me innocence; my letter were
Your partaker, made of the contents.

Anto. Onely my Lord, your mild dissuasion
From *Aurelia's* love.

Gen. Curse on the time I mov'd him in't;
But 'tis no time to talk. *Antonio*, by the
Dear and tender love thou bear'st the King,
Labour his search in what thou may'st.
Patience assist me, thy need I ne'r more wanted,
Our speedy course must be to lay the ports.
The gods direct us for the best, and may he be
Accurs'd for ever sought this miser;

Anto. My Lord, in what you please
Command, I ever shall obey. ————— *Exit.*

Enter Aurelia Ferdin. Disguised as shepherds.

Aureli. Ferdinando, what place is this?

Ferdin. Madam, The village neer is called Felix.
The country (we are in) the faire vally, the
Only seat for shepherds, and pastorall delights our
Country yields.

Aureli. That little of the world my youth hath
Travell'd through, never yet discovered to my
Sense a place of so much beauty. The
Guiltless here (perhaps) may walk, protected
With their innocence, free from Artesia's
Envy. My doubtfull thoughts will
Hardly give me leave to credit, Artesia
Meant me so much harm. Truly I ever loved
Her well, and can forgive her, would she yet be good.

Ferdin. O Madam, your cleer vertue,
Vnspotted with the thought of sins of that
High nature, pleads ignorance in the trade the
Vicious husband. ————— *Enter Amint. Sol.*
Here comes a shepherd with a sad aspect. (*Lyes on the ground.*)
So please you Madam step aside unseen,
We will observe. ————— *They step aside.*

Amint. And must Amintor, poor Amintor,
Only be the object of Cleoras scorn. My harmless
Sheep bleating bewail my mone.
And every Shepherdess but she,

In pittie can bewail my misery.
 But 'tis Amintor's fault, whose slow pact Courtship
 feldome conquers love.
 He must be bold, and active in imbraces, that gaine desire,
 While I with bashfull dulness quench the fire.
 Why do I blame the faire Cleora ? when bashfull
 Fear in me, may possibly in her beget the like
 Suspect. Forgive me faire Cleora, that uncharitably
 Condemn my Judg, before ther's sentence given :
 But It repent, and let the faire one know,
 How much of love (though dare not speak) I owe. ——— Enter Streph.
 Cupid, assist me as I thee obey,
 If that offend, what then must be the way.

Streph. Hey day, what stuffs here : This should be
 The pittiful Amintor by his sad complaints.
 'Tis he ; Amintor, what not yet contracted to
 Cleora ? 'Tis much she should continue coy,
 And you Court her at this distance.
 In the name of Cupid how long hast thou lost
 Thy wits, thou worshipper of weaver-cocks.
 Come, come, listen to my good counsel, that shall
 Convert thy Pagan Idolatry. ——— *Strephon sits down by Amintor*

Streph. Cease Amintor, cease for shame,
 Let not dotage blist thy name.
 Love but as I do, date on none,
 A woman's Worthless when she's known.
 Love this faire face to day, to morrow t'other ;
 When that's enjoy'd, think where to finde another.

Amin. Tell me master of your Art,
 You that can comand your heart.
 So to love ; (if love it be)
 You profess to every she.
 How Courtlike you can swear each face you see
 Though forty in one day, still Captives bee.

Streph. I had rather swear for to enjoy,
 Then Captiv'd be, by one that's coy.
 Man naturally freedom loves,
 Leave chastity to Turtle Doves ;
 For he's as blind as love, that setter'd lyes ;
 Beauty when men are fond will tyrannize.

Amint. Could'st thou but unsweat an oath,
 As freely as thou break'st thy troth;
 Or could'st thou but as constant be,
 In ought else, as in inconstancy:
 Thou then might'st painfully confesse with me,
 Thou love too much, for min's Idolatry.

Streph. When fading beauty shall disguise
 My free born heart to Idolize;
 I then perhaps, may pity thee,
 As partner in thy misery.
 Variety of dishes is my fare,
 That fact I ne're yet saw, when seen is rare.

Amint. Think'st thou I'll pity crave of thee
 Or ruine love, variety,
 No Strephon; no, thy change of fare,
 Diseases breed; sad looks, despaire:
 Whilst I triumphantly despise thy charms,
 And laugh at thee, in my Cleora's armes.

Streph. Amintor thou art lost, good counsel is
 Cast away upon thee: did ever man complain
 Of cruelty on her, that hardly knows
 Thou lov'st? or if she do, 'tis but at second
 Hand. Rise and repent, and I'll be merciful and
 Court her for thee; or if of late you are so valiant grown,
 You dare alone venture the thing (you call a vertue)
 Your chastitie, with Cleora: go and whine
 Out in some sad madrigal your dotage;
 Which she'll in scorn deride,
 Had'st thou my Confidence, she were thy Bride.

Amin. Away thou lewd prophaner of
 Those rites; the god of holy marriages must
 Punish for thy perjuries.
 'Tis sin gain'st Cupid, to hear
 Such prophanation.

Streph. Amintor thou art past recovery, I'll
 To my wanton Nymphs,
 Who love like me,

Ex. sever.

Not so to dote, yet fancie any He. ——— *Amintor passeth by Aurelia.*

Ferdinand. Honest shepherd stay.

Aureli. Vertuous shepherd, may Hymen to your
 Blest content crown all your chaste desires.

Amin. Faire Nymph, if yet not wed,
 The self same wish attend thy marriage bed.

Ferd.

Ferdinand. Courteous shepherd, can you entertain
This Nymph and I; who much desirous, to imitate that
Harmless life, we hear you prosper in, hither invited
Us? Our stock is not so great to boast, nor yet so poor
To fear a want; your looks speaks you a
Friend to strangers, who can forget to live,
Sooner then be ungrateful.

Amin. Truly I pity you as strangers, and
Should be proudly glad to entertain you, were I
But master of where withall; for know
I am but a servant to my father,
An ancient shepherd age gives not leave
To go abroad, his house is not far distant
Hence, a poor small cottage; such as it is
Please you to go with me, my poor endeavours
Shall not be wanting, for what
It can afford.

Ferd. Brother, we thank you, and shall to
Th' utmost you shall please demand, prove your
Faithful paymasters. My sister here unus'd
To travel, would gladly be at rest,
Please you to lead the way?

Amin. Most willingly, this is your path, ———— *Ex. Om.*

Enter *Delirius*, *Artesia*, severally.

Deli. Fairest of creatures, I can (aloud) proclaim tyidings
Of joy, *Aurelia's* death, *Ferdinando's* flight; and what
Beyond our wishes, most hapily falls out; the
King in discontent hath left the Court,
I hope ne'r to return.

Artesi. *Delirius*, it is a Traytors wish.

Deli. How *Artesia*?

Artesi. You understand me sure, if I
Mistake not; he is your King, or ought to be.
Fye *Delirius*, so long a Courtier, and not
Know your duty.

Deli. I am confounded, sure 'tis not *Artesia*.

Artesi. For that I shall resolve you straight.

'Tis the very same. ———— *Looks in her glass.*
Where are your eyes?

Deli. My reason's at a loss, this cannot be;
Come, come, no more of this, beshrew me,
But you almost stagger'd me, I know now
'Twas but in jest to try my temper,
And I forgive it.

Artesi. Hah, hah! forgive it? you are not my Ghostly — — *Laughs.*
Father, 'Twas language might have become your

King, but sounds to fancy for a subject.

Deli. Nay now *Artesia*, you over act your part, this
Kiss concludes the Scene. ——— *Offers to kiss her, she thrusts him by.*

Artesi. You are abominably out *Delirius*, you
Should have acted at more distance, you must go on your
Part anew, and learn to know, to whom you are to speak,
The Poet may instruct you.

Deli. May I believe this real, and from *Artesia*?

Artesi. 'Thats as you please; I gladly would find
Out a way would more confirm you, which
I shall study, since plain dealing will not do.

Deli. By what neglect of mine, have I deserv'd this scorn;
Let me but know, if but to lessen my admiration?

Artesi. Neglect of duty to your King (if well
Examin'd) you'll find deserves no less.

Deli. Why *Artesia*, can neglect of duty be a
Fault in me, to him you would have murder'd?
Pray recollect, and but consider what you'd
Have courted me to do, which I refus'd in duty.

Artesi. This but confirms thy ignorance, which
Would not let thee see I did it but to try
You, in which assurance know, There's not on earth
A thing can acceptable be, from you to me,
But your diligent search o' th' King,
Who when you have found, and that
You tydings bring of his dear safety; I
May forget your faults, tell when
I take my leave.

Exit. Artesi.

Deli. The gods above are just, nor am I
Punish't yet to my desert.
Here but begins your justice, which must so heavy fall,
That but to think of, wracks my Eclipsed soul.
Aurelia now afresh begins t' appear, her hair
Dishevel'd 'bout her Ivory skin, threatening (aloud)
Revenge. Thou shalt have justice faire innocent,
And thy appeas'd ghost, no more be put to wander
Through the deep in gasty horror, *Artesia*, 'tis time
To think of death; for rather (then to my shame)
Il' live to see thee lodg'd within anothers arms;
I will in death injoy, what (scornfully) thou hast
Alive refus'd; from this accursed hour, let no man
Ere believe a woman can be true; And where
There wants invention to contrive a just mans fall,
Think of *Artesia*. O women, women! The sun whose
Glorious beames survey the frantick world,
Would stay his motion and stand still, as proud
For to behold a constant faire one.

Why should their inside be so foul, there out so faire,
But to intrap mortality ? but I too late (with
Death must purchase knowledg.
Bad consciences are house-hold clocks that tells,
On earth one minutes joy, ten thousand hells. ————— *Exit.*

Enter Bellira sol.

Del. Angels protect my Lady, what ground so ere
She treads, it was unkindly done, not to acquaint
Me with her flight, for sure it must be so, for when my lord
(In tears) saw me bewail (as by my fear, I did conceive)
Her loss, he did with cheerful looks (such as
Would seem) confirm the knowledg of her safety ;
Put me in lively hopes she liv'd.
His language too, who would not say she liv'd ;
Would not confess, he thought her dead :
But what of all I least can understand, is that when any
But my self, (of those same few he will admit) name
But daughter, or Aurelia, he throwes him on his bed ;
And for the while they stay, ne'r answers to them more ;
Some thing there is, I fain would understand,
But dare not urge to know, the gods above assist her,
What ere her undertakings be. ————— *Enter Snap.*

Snap. Health to *Bellira*. what no news
Yet of *Aurelia's* being ?

Belli. Not any ; only bare hopes she's well.

Snap. From whence spring they ?

Belli. From little else more then that I fain would hope
The best ; yet *Ferdinando's* being with her
Doth half assure me she can have no harm,
As one, whose actions were ever known vertuous,
And Noble.

Snap. I understand you well, the Character you give
Him plainly speaks you love him ; which is the
Cause you embrace so coldly, what I have labor'd for ;
But know *Goldcalf* will be delay'd no longer,
Therefore you must prepare, to morrow to be his bride.
What more whining ? I had thought your
Resolution had been fixt, or after all my

Pains ; must I yet travel for it ? ————— *Bellira kneels.*

What may this mean ?
Belli. O worthy brother ! If ever tears and prayers
Unfained, from a distressed maid did move
Compassion, behold (with pittie) your miserable
Sister, who cruell fortune hath so unkindly dealt
With, that I must chuse to loose my brother,
Or my life. And with the loss of that, I am

Resolved :

Resolved to purchase peace hereafter. Heaven
Knows I mean no other force to do't, more
Then the confirmation of the match you speak of;
"I will soon dispatch me, yet in obedience to
Your will, that little time I have to live
I'll call him husband. _____ *Sherifeth.* _____

Snap. Never, never *Bellira*; Thou hast a noble
soul, not fit to match in dunghill breed.
And know I practised but a tryall of thy love to me,
Be happy in thy choice who e'r it be.
Thy love confirms my liking. For know, I
Have fit instruments to compass my honest
Ends on *Goldcalfse*, (how e'r the busie world
May judg my actions) for well thou knowest, his
Gripping father, with base cosenage.
Ruin'd my vnclé, so consequently me.
This the world knows is meer,
To cheat the cozené, can be no deceit.

Belli. Worthy Brother, you have reviv'd
My blood that gan (apace) to chill
Within my veins; for which, the life I hold, shall
Ever be employ'd, as you shall please dispose
Of it. May all your undertakings prosper
To your hearts desire. You have no present business
To command me? if not, my
Occasions call.

Snap. *Bellira*, first know, I have prepar'd a habit for you
You must put on to further my designs;
A man you must appear *Bellira* for a few houres,
Which shall be undiscovered to any but my self,
I shall instruct you in the part you have to
Act, at our next meeting: it is a trust *Bellira*,
I dare impose in none but you;
Till when farwell.

Belli. Which I shall gladly execute,
As you shall please command _____ *Ex. Ambo*

Enter *Corneli. Eugeni.*

Corneli. *Antonio's* gon in search o'th King.

Eugeni. May his endeavours prosper; what a
Hum this accident hath rais'd i'th Court: In
What strange shape. and by whose assistance,
He could contrive (so suddenly) his this,
So secret being, begets in me a wonder. The gods
Divert his minde from quitting (long) the
Court; the event may prove much dangerous
To us all, that wish him well.

Corneli. The common people ignorant of their

Own safety (wedded to change) unanimously begin
To call *Bellicosus* King ; some crying up his
Valour, and experience in the wars , some his
Justice, all his honesty ; whose loyall heart appears
So far from coveting a crown, he seems much
Troubled at the clamour, And should the King
His discontent detain him long from Court, 'tis
Thought the Generall must accept it, to appease
The frantick multitude, who rashly may (should he
Refuse) elect more undeservedly.

Eng. His wisdom will foresee, and carefully
Prevent such dangerous consequences, as one
Whose approved Loyalty 'twere great injustice to
Suspect. Saw you *Delirus* lately ? The Court
Speaks of strange alterations in his looks and carriage.

Corneli. I did, and know it speaks no more but
Truth ; for never (to my knowledg) did I
Behold a more dejected creature. The cause must
From *Artesia* spring, or none.

Eng. 'Tis without question so, ther's an ambitious
Spirit lodg'd within that seeming modesty of hers,
Hath almost crackt *Delirus*. How fondly doth
That man inflave his reason, that dotes on pride
And envy. She strangely hath forborn the Court
Of late, and may be hatching mischief, were but
Her envy backt with politick assistance.
Her pride and scorn apparently was seen, (as
Wanting government to hide it ;) when as the
King was pleased to throw his favours so
Liberally on *Aurelia*.

Corneli. On which I much observed , the King
Great notice took : here comes the General.

Enter *Bellicosus*.

Bellico. Gentlemen, for love of virtue, your
King and countries good, disperse your selves
Into the City, where confidently yon must give out,
The King (by letters I received from him) confirms
His health and safety, and that his strange deserting of
The Court, was onely to perform a pennance he
On himself enjoyed (by vow) for some unruly
Thought his blood provok't him too ; which once
Performed, he will return with speed. This
The distracted people may (for a time)
Appease, in which we possible may hear some
Tydings of the King. And as I well know
You'r honest, I doubt not but with care you
Will perform this trust, as what (at present)

Much concerns the common good.

Corneli. Sir, You honour us in a trust, wherein
We can express that love, and loyalty, our duty,
And allegiance binds us to —————

Ex. Amb.

Gen. How unconsiderably violent doth untam'd
Youth, hurry to its own destruction? The gods
Can witness bear how innocent I stand (in but a
Thought to act what other ways (might
More then to my reason) just appear. My counsell
In that letter I wrote the King, hath bred
In him a jealousie Aurelia is by me removed.
This by the flattery of some fawning slave
I'th Court, must be confirm'd a truth, and all
My services in ballance put with some base
Wretch, not worthy name of man; 'tis
But a small reward, for what the world
Well knows I justly have deserved.) But
Bellicofus, now is the time to right thy self, and
Crown thy actions with the height of honour; when
As the changeling ront with uncontroled fury
Proclaim the King. And must I (when thrown
Into my armes) refuse to accept what with the
Slaughter of a seven years war, could not be purchased,
It speaks a weakness in my self, I know unfit to
Govern. But Ile resolve ——— n'er to deceive a trust.
Amasius, live to enjoy what's thine, I will usurpe
In nothing, but thy care.
'Tis a known truth.

Hes more then man, offends not in his youth —————

Exit

Enter Ferdinando Sol.

I must in some disguise venture to Court, where
Since we parted, the Country speaks of a sad change
Of things; the King (in every shepherds mouth)
Is spoken privately gone from Court, none
Knows, or will do whither, but questionless in
Discontent at fair Aurelias retyrement.
And what we but suspected of his love to her,
By this we may confirm is reall. Some quick
Prevention must be studied, or it speaks
Danger to them both. My absence too from
Hence (till my return from Court) will offer to
Aurelia the knowledg of the Kings deserting of the
Court, which fain I would keep her from
Knowledg of; for how so e'r her vertuous soul,
Not willing to be thought ambitious of the
King his love (more then a Loyall subjects duty
Can deserve) she strangely loves his person,

Which

Which she in modesty (to her weak power) makes
It her labour to conceal.

My labouring fancy is at a stand how to contrive,
What I would gladly act, the poor *Bellira* too,
Left alone unsatisfied laments her Mistress
Loss, though I deserve not pitty, or forgiveness;
Once more, must undiscovered see her,
And part unknown. *Bellira*, I love thee well,
Yet would be loath to have it found in after
Story, I brake my faith to satisfy thy love;
It shall suffice I'm true,

When known to all, I needs must be to you ————— *Exit.*

Enter *Goldcalf*, *Captain*, *Lieutenant*, *Ensign*, and
Snap. As in a Tavern.

Gold. Drawer. ————— Enter *Drawer*

Draw. Here Sir,

Gold. Draw a pottle of the best sack; Mr.
Captain (Cozen that must be) What say
You, it's not so?

Capt. It is a grape of power, which were I to
Encounter *Priams* fifty sons, all at one time
(The quarrel being just) would make the
Victory doubtful.

Gold. O strange! *Drawer*, let it be sack then,
But Mr. *Captain* it will not make you angry
With your frinds, will it?

Capt. It operates the contrary effect on friends,
And doth encrease affection, never
To be divided.

Gold. Directly it is wonderful; we'll taste it
Most horribly then; Mr. *Lieutenant*,
Shall we not?

Liev. Noble Colonel we will. Till your
Faire Mistress at (but relation) of her healths
We drink; shall stagger and turn round.

Gold. Excellent good I protest. Mr. *Ensign*,
You are for Sack too?

Ensig. Renowned Colonel, since from our
Mothers wombs, we stretch our warlike limbs,
We scarce have tasted other. Behold

Our Nectar coms. ————— Enter *Drawer* with wine.

Capt. Colonel uncase. Cloaks are superfluous weeds,
The blood shall boyt with Sack, and scorn the Robes
Of shelter. *Drawer* fill to the brim.
Here noble Mr. *Snap*. ————— *Drawer* fills and gives him; *Captain* drinks.

Snap. Sir, you shall behold a miracle, I'll do you Justice.

Capt. By the life of *Bacchus*, bring me a more inspiring
Glas, or Rogue you bleed; must
We in thimble drink?

Snap. Captain, 'Tis well.

Capt. Must it be so then, thou man of
Temperance? we then will sip in little. — *Drawer fills Snap wine.*

Snap. Lieutenant, your Noble Colonels Lady,

Liev. My murrion then lies low, while I *Throwes his hat on the ground.*
The goddess's pledg.

Gold. O admirable rare!

Liev. Thou standard-bearer to the son of Mars. — *Drinks to the Ensign*
Prepare to pledg his Venus. Sirra, let measure due be
Given, fill to the brim.

Ensign. Come to me.

Gold. But Gentlemen, is it the fashion for all to have
My Mistress, but my self,

Capt. Colonel you are the last must have her.

Gold. Why then we shall ne'r be married I think — *Drawer fills to*

Capt. Sir, you mistake, I mean the last must have her *the Ensign*
Health in drink. 'Tis a la mode de France.

Gold. Say you so? nay I shall learn quickly.

Ensign. Lieutenant I thank you, Colonel, to your faire
Mistress, the incomparable *Artesia*.

Gold. Thank you heartily good Mr. *Ensign.* *Snap.*
These are all brave men?

Snap. Sir, you speak them just, they'r men will do you
Credit, (though I confes they'r costly) but *Artesia's*
Wealth shall pay for it in the end. — *Draw. gives Goldcalf some wine*

Ensign. Sir, 'Tis your Ladies health.

Gold. And her money too shall pay for it shortly;
Shall it not *Snap.* — *To Snap aside.*

Snap. Mary shall it sir, please you to drink. — *Goldcalfs drinks.*

Gold. Gentlemen, her's to you to all, I'll be sworn
It is a cup of right, excellent right wine; boy give me. *Drawer fills to Gold.*
T'other cup. Cozen Captain and the rest, her's
To you all.

Capt. Heroick Coz, I thank you. *Drawer, some*
Of your Spanish smook?

Draw. You shall sir. — *Exit Drawer.*

Capt. Lieutenant; come, shall the foes bones be twirl'd.
Colonel, you'l not stand out for half a dozen glasses?

Gold. How mean you Captain?

Capt. Art thou a stranger to the twirl of die,
Behold a brace, made of a *Germain's* bones — *Captain pulls out dice.*
I slew in duel. — *Enter drawer with Tobacco and candle.*

Gold. VVhat is your game?

Capt. He that throw's least must drink.

Gold.

Gold. Say you so? a match, come *Snap.*
You shall make one.

Capt. By any means, come Gentlemen. stand round,
'Tis all in fashion. Drawer, see you that stakes be made
So, so, 'tis well, set down. Come her's for me *Drawer fills.*

Lieut. A five, a special throw. Colonel, please you
The die to hurl.

Gold. Come hey for me; hey day an afs. *Goldcalf throws*

Capt. By the bright splendor of *Artesia's* eyes, 'tis true. *Lieut. throws.*
A four that, come the next Mr. *Snap.* a six *Snap. throws.*
Colonel, he out throws you much. A deux *Ensign throws.*
Colonel you then must chirpe, come off with it
To the next mu'tt pledg.

Gold. Come, come, give me it, an afs do you say at first? that
VVas ill Inck i' faith; her's to the next shall drink. *Gold. drinks.*
Drawer fill full; come begin I'll be the last this time.

Lieut. A trey? throw Mr. *Snap.* Come, come,
'Tis half the die. *Lieut. throws.*
VVell done Mr. *Snap.* A five? he throws exceeding well. *Snap. throws.*

Capt. *Ensign,* throw you the next.
Drawer light me a pipe. *Drawer lights a pipe for the Captain.*
He drinks, he drinks; by Jove a deux *Ensign throws.*
Come this for me. A six, pox o' h bone *Captain throws.*
I shall not drink to day: Here Colonel above *Goldcalf throws.*
A deux you scape. Now by the whore of fate an afs again. *all laugh.*

Sap. The dye runs true, an afs he will remain. *aside.*
Gold. An afs alwaies? besworn a pretty jest *Snap whispers to the draw.*
Captain, I feel my self grow valiant *(drawer goes out.)*
Another afs will make me draw.

Capt. By no means on your friends.
Snap. Captain for all your blastering, the other cup *Lieutenant and*
May make him valiant. And now I do remember *(Ensign drink to*
Some twelve moneth since, when but a piny lad, *(and another in*
In such a humour just as this, he shrewdly *(private.*
Hurt two fencers,

Capt. Which to prevent again, I'll drink
For him, for know I hate to draw
Upon my friends.

Snap. Or foes if you can help it, if I mistake
Not much.

Gold. Come, come; who throws? *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Noble Colonel. Ther's a young Gentleman
In the next room, hath stay'd this hour for
Company; who not comming humbly desires
Admittance into your acquaintance, as
One fame lowdly speaks of.

Gold. *Snap.* Shall he come in?

Snap. By any means. 'Twere uncivil to deny him,
Drawer, tell him he shall be welcome.

Draw. I shall sir.

Ex. Draw.

Gold. Has he a sword *Snap*? we should
Have ask'd him that.

Capt. Colonel, what afraid? Were he as
Stout as *Ajax* arm'd with his sevenfold buckler; this
Steel should (on his knees) force him confess—— *Points to his sword.*
Himself your slave,

By Jove a pretty stripling. Colonel—— *Enter Bellira in the habit of a*
Pronounce him welcome. *(Gentleman.)*

Gold. Sir, you are kindly welcome.

Belli. Noble Colonel, (if I mistake not)
Fame gives you out the man, I humbly thank you.

And must acknowledge some boldness in my
Request; which if a fault, pray blame report,—— *Lieutenant and Ensign*
The onely spur, invited my ambition; you *(drink to one another.)*
Would be pleas'd to call me your servant.

Gold. Sir, I understand you, and can tell
You, here are Gentlemen (besides my self) have
Swords which when they please to draw,
The frighted people tremble.

Belli. Gentlemen, I shal be proud to serve you, as
One would gladly be your valours scholar.

Capt. Then know young man, from this time
Forth thy foes must fear. Drawer, fill
Me a brimmer of rich Canary.

Drawer fills.

Belli. Gentlemen, I hope my rude intrusion, breaks
Not up the sport (I understood by the Drawer
You were at) I gladly shall make one, I have some
Trifling crowns, I'd sport to pass away the time.

Capt. To him (if faith) Colonel.

Gold. What saiest thou *Snap*. Shall I play with him?

Snap. By any means, should you refuse, it might
Breed suspicion, you either wanted money, or that you were
Exceeding miserable, which might endanger coming
To *Artesia's* ear; which must not be.

Gold. Excellent well thought on, honest *Snap*.

Cozen Captain, pray drink to the Gentleman.

Capt. Sir, have at you, to all that honour our Noble Colonel.

Belli. Sir, you make me proud to pledg a health. I so
Much honour. Sir, to the Noble Colonel.—— *Drinks to the Lieutenant.*

Liev. Which to refuse were death, let come.

Gold. Noble Colonel. How exceeding perfect, *Snap*,
This stranger has it?

Snap. 'Tis perfect through the City, thank my care.

Gold. Honest *Snap*. right honest *Snap*. Come sir,

shall

Shall we to this sport? ————— *To Bellina.*

Belli. With all my heart sir, her's that will hold
Some minutes play. ————— *Pulls out a bag of money.*

Capt. Lieutenant. Wou'd *Bess*, and *Doll*, were here,
To nime the sum, they should have garments fine,
And strut the streets by day. ————— *Aside.*

Liev. The chimney corner then should smoake,
Without our helps, and double pots stand still; while we the
Tavern fortifie, against the potent Constable.

Gold. Come, come; the dice.
Snap. Gentlemen, I can furnish you rarelie,
Behold her's choyce. ————— *Snap. pulls out some dice.*

Gold. Sir, what's your game? I am good at nothing but
At Passage. Drawer make clean the Table.

Belli. Sir, I fet you this?
Gold. Sir, That's too much.

Snap. Refuse to throw at none.
Gold. Saist thou me so, honest *Snap*? Then heer's at all ————— *Throws.*

Belli. You then must pay me this;
Capt. Courage Colonel, 'twill come again.

Gold. Hang it dirt, I care not a pin,
Belli. Come Sir, set me deep. ————— *Throws.*

Thats mine, come again.
Gold. *Snap*; You must fetch me more money. ————— *Aside.*

Snap. Sir, You must not want here, one good
Hand brings all again; if there be not money enough,
What think you of two or three Mannors,
He bring the deeds.

Gold. Do *Snap*, make haste honest *Snap*:
Snap. I shall return with speed. ————— *Exit. Snap.*

Gold. Come, I set you this.
Capt. Courage Noble Colonel, the next pull's ours.

Belli. 'Tis all my own.
Gold. He swear he has the best fortune I ever saw,

Capt. Come chear up, give him a brimmer;
Colonel. you are a cup to low to win: Sir, you
Have admirable throwing.

Belli. Sir, 'tis by chance, I seldom part a winner ————— *Drawer gives Gold*
Gold. Here Cozen, — 'Tis excellent wine I feel it ————— *wine, he drinks*

In my head. Here drawer, fill my valiant Cozen.
Sir, *Snap* my man will come with more money Presently.

Capt. Cozen if this shit-breech wins, this steel ————— *Points to his sword.*
Redeemes it all again, what e'r it be.

Gold. That will be rare i' faith ————— *Enter Snap.*
Come *Snap*, here Sir, this bag I set you ————— *Gold takes a bag.*

Belli. At all, were it a million ————— *Throws.*
'Tis all mine

Snap.

Snap. Sir, this is the last bag; but here are Deeds.
Gold. Come Sir, her's t'other bag. ——— *Seiz t' other bag.*
Belli. This for is alle. ——— *Throws.*
Tis mine.
Gold. *Snap.* did you ever see the like?
Snap. After so often winning he needs must loose;
 Set him five hundred pounds a year.
Gold. A match. Come Sir, you have all the money;
 Heer are deeds of five hundred a year;
 Will you pay as much if you loose?
Belli. Come Sir, I'll not be out-brav'd.
 Set them, and and if they prove so much, or more, ———
 Or less, accordingly, I'll pay it.
Gold. A match.
Belli. Then lussy dice at all ——— *Throws.*
 They'r mine. ——— *Takes up the Deeds.*
Capt. Mushrome, deliver all you have put up, back to
 The Colonel, or you eternally shall sleep. ——— *Captain draws.*
Belli. How's that? return again what I have won,
 Deliver that again so sawcily, and slave you dye.
 You slaves ——— *Captain comes fince up to Belli, Belli draws, they all run off the*
 Ile try your manhood, my coyn is easily made (stage, he following).
 Good, without my brothers help: what things
 In shape of men did here appear.
 It will be wondered at, but more when known;
 By what a handsome shift we got our own ——— *Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Enter King Sol. Disguised in the habit of an
 Aged Pilgrim.

King,

AS yet my pilgrim weed, hath been my safe protection.
 Surely the Court is mercifully sparing in their
 Search of me; I hear no hew and cry sent after me.
 (Though I have read t'has been a course, some
 Sawcy subjects have presumed to take in search of
 Their lost King.) My tender feet have faithfully
 Performed their promised pennance, in hope
 To appease the angry gods, for the by paths they
 Have trod, and must have present ease. ——— *Lyes down*
 For heaven knows, they are unable to support me
 Longer. Poor *Aurelia*, wer't thou but living now
 (The sad remainer of all the comfort left me)
 Thy tender heart would (pitifully) say I loved,

But

But that poor little hope I have, waits on despair.
 Death would be welcome now, but deaths a
 Tyrant to those that covet him, and only
 Loves to prey upon the worlds idolaters.
 Who vainly clambring in't to catch at all,
 By death receive an everlasting fall.
 Content is sure the Landlord of this happy place,
 Who lets out parcells to his Nymphs and swains,
 As harmless as the flocks they tend.
 Here on a hillock sits a shepherd swain (free in
 His choice to love) only with natures help,
 Composing what his un-envied wit brings forth
 To court his mistress with, while she seemingly
 Bathful smiles, to hear her self so courted.
 Neer whom a merry swain, with his oaten
 Reede, defies the bag-pipe, and proclaims a
 Challenge to all the valley, which when received, the
 Pretty discord in variety, begets a joy in (the then)
 Feeding flocks, who skip to hear the melody,
 Their safe protectors make. A universall silence
 Crowns this happy place; and I must sleep in jest,
 That fain would do't in earnest. Bad world, I
 Can forgive you all, O my poor unfortunate Aurelia. ——— Sleeps.

Aurelia undiscovered, sings hard by him.

A Song.

YOU God of love, whose aid I crave,
 Look down and pity me;
 A harmless maid from ruine save
 Lies wounded here by thee.
 Heaven knows my un aspiring heart,
 Ambition'stly ne'r aim'd
 'Twas you great god chose out the dart,
 So Nobly me inflam'd.
 Then since (loves god) the power is yours,
 'Twere just to let him know;
 How much a simple maid endures
 That dares no love to shew.
 'Twere then but just, to ease my pain,
 And grant me my desire;
 That he as I, may burn again
 Or quite put out my fire.

Enter Aurelia.

G

Aureli.

Aureli. Thus to the unpictyng ayr, I vent my
 Sad complaints, who more a tyrant then a
 Comforter, in my own tone of woe, returns
 My words of sorrow; (poor satisfaction to a maid--- *Meaning the Echo.*
 In love.) Aurelia, how hast thou lost thy Loyalty,
 Who most unworthily hast disobeyed the
 King his last commands? Did he not charge thee
 Not to harbour within thy breast, that traytor
 To thy quiet melancholy, as one (he by experience
 Knew) if not with care prevented, 'would seek thy
 Ruine; yet thou like an ungratefull wretch,
 Hast entertained the Traytor. I want a confidence
 To see his face, that could refuse his counsell, (I
 Vndertook to follow in my silence.) Would
 Ferdinando but return from Court, my doubtfull
 Thoughts would find more settled rest, Pray
 Heavens all be well, for my disquiet sleep;
 (I fear) presage no good O you preservers of
 The innocent, protect the vertuous King; who
 Had he been a subject, (I blush to speake the rest)
 I might perhaps have lived to have injoyed,
 What now were a presumptuous sin but for to hope;
 Yet heaven can quit me, 'tis not to enjoy his
 Honour as he is King, but as he is man
 His vertue. Defend me, you just powers; how
 Have I betrayed----- *She starts at spying him.*
 My innocent thoughts? I hope he sleeps; his age
 And habit speaks no danger in him. 'Tis surely
 Some religious man, wearied by long travell,
 In the performance of some holy Rites, hath laid
 Him here to rest.
 He do's begin to stir; did not my modesty
 Forbid, I would observe him further, her's none so
 Neer to see me, if I should venture?
 Which I'll for once attempt.----- *Steps aside.*

King wakes and stretches.

King. Where am I? such joyes I have received in sleep;
 I am afraid to know I am awake: for I am from a
 Short sleeping hight of happines, thrown headlong to
 A lingering sorrow. Sure 'tis some heavenly place?
 Me thought I heard the musick of the spear's charming
 My troubled senses into happines, I dare not think of waking.
 I should (to the just gods) appear unthankful,
 Should I repay this blessing I enjoy'd (although but
 In a dream) with base despaire; heaven knows (what
 Ever I deserve) what's yet in store laid up. I am unjust to
 Nature and my self, by want of food to punish that

Life I should preserve. It's to some honest Cottage near
To find relief; Heaven knows I cannot
Travel far.

The King wearily riseth, Aurelia goes towards him.

Aureli. There's something in this holy man, speaks
Much of sorrow; Me thinks we might be partners
In our griefs, durst we but make them known:
I was but late my self a stranger here,
And should uncharitable be, not to acquaint
Him, where there is relief.

King. Sure I am in Paradiſe, and this
Some goddeſs is

The King ſpyes Aurelia.
For ſince my eyes left to behold the
Fairerſt of that ſex, I ne'r beheld ſo excellent

A form. There muſt be pity in that Angel ſhape.
Fair Nymph, aſſiſt a wearied wandring Pilgrim
In your directions to ſome place of ſuccour.
But if thou art the goddeſs of this heavenly place,
Forgive the doting errour my age pleads pardon
For, and I ſhall pay (when known) the due
Performance of your holy Rites.

Aureli. Thou holy man, (ſuch you appear to me)
And truly I believe. I am no goddeſs I, but an
Unfortunate poor ſhepherdeſs; too much acquainted with
The afflictions, of this too bad world, who glad
To ſhew, (in what I may) reſpect to reverend age; will
Carefully conduct you to a houſe near hand, my ſelf
Is but a ſtranger to, yet dare preſume what it affords,
You ſhall be kindly welcome to.

King. Sure I ſtill dream, and did but think I wak't
That voice, that face; and all doth ſo agree,
My eaſie faith would fain believe 'twere ſhe.
Or elſe her Gholt aſſumes this ſhape; to let me know
Her murderers; 'Tis ſo, 'tis ſo, faire innocent
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, let me but know the authours of
Our woe. But whether doth my paſſion lead me?
Fair Nymph, let me but know thy name,
And whence thou art?

Aureli. Father I am aſhamed I have
Preſumptuouſly diſturbed your quiet; which was
A fault of ignorance, I heartily can be ſorry
For. Can you forgive it?

King. Pardon thou excellent creature; that I
Have cal'd thy blood out of thy cheeks, with my unruly
Paſſion; the ſad remembrance (your faire form preſented
To my aged eyes) put me in mind of a loſt child
I had, ſo like your ſelf; I durſt almoſt have challenged
You for her. But my *Aurelia's* dead.

Aurelia ſtarts.

Why

Why starts she at that name? 'Tis she, 'tis she.
 You gods let me not surfeit with excess, but by degrees
 Receive my thankful joy:—*Throws down his staffe and runs to her; takes*
This faire white hand is flesh and blood?
 And this *Aurelia*, Living *Aurelia*? I am made for ever;
 This happy hour will gain me more then all my
 Labouring life could ever purchase.

Aureli. You cannot blame me sir, to start at such
 Unusual passions in an aged man, which would they give
 You leave, I gladly should imbrace the knowledg of
 What (as yet) I am a stranger to.

King. Madam, Then know, I am a man (how e'er with
 Age I do appear unable) hath been employed
 In search of your fair selfe.
 For though my low condition in the Court, deserve
 No knowledg from your honoured-self; know it
 Hath been my place of boad, before your honoured
 Father (the lord *Sebastian*) e'er could call you
 Daughter. Dear Madam? let
 Not my honest meaning truths afright you more, but
 Understand I am employed in search of you,
 By none but by your King.

Aureli. Away, you'r an *Impollor*, or some unhappy
 Man, (with too much care) bereft of Reason.
 It was my charity to your assistance, and not
 My custome, made me thus fondly inquisitive
 Of your condition, which I have found my self
 As much mistaken in, as you appear in mine;
 For know I am a poor shepherds daughter, not
 Far from hence, that daily tends my flock
 Which I have so long neglected, I fear I shall
 Be shent: So heaven preserve you.—*Offers to be gone, he pulls her back.*

King. Lady, pray know I cannot so mistake, but
 Since it is your will to have it so, I have no
 Commission to force you to confession, yet I
 Would gladly know whether the letters to your
 Faire self (I have with many a weary carefull step)
 Brought you from the King will be accepted,
 If not, it is my duty to return them, and onl' greet
 Him with the glad tidings of our health and safety.—*Offers to be gone.*

Aureli. Pray stay; but have you letters from
 The King? and are you secretly (by him) employed?
 Pray let me see them.

King. If you be that *Aurelia* they are directed
 To, I have.

Aureli. Come, you will be secret. I am the
 Same, pray let me see them; I hope the King
 Enjoys his health.

King Never better Madam—*The King puts one hand in his pocket as for*
Know you this superscription? *(letters, & with it other takes off his false beard)*

Aureli. My Lord the King.——*Falls on her knees, and swoones away.*

King Her colour's gone; she faints, *Angels*
Above, assist me; Aurelia look up, speak, or thy
King ne'r more shall utter word. She breathes;
How doth my joy, my bliss, my all delight on earth?
One word of comfort, speak.

Aureli. How fares it with the King? I am pretty
Well thanks heaven, and your assistance,

King Why that's well said; rise my Aurelia,
And let this kiss confirm our never to be divided loves,
I now could surfeit here with joy, did reason not
Command forbear. O let this happy day be to all
After ages kept as a day of joy, which I (while
The just gods shall lend me breath on earth)
With care will see performed, in memory of that
Happiness, this hour confirm'd. Thee living,
But my Aurelia, it was unkindly done (unknown
To any) to desert the Court, and take this borrowed
Shape, leaving me desperately unsatisfied of thy life
Or death; it was a punishment (*Aurelia*) I could
Not well collect, I had deserved from thee.

Aureli. My much loved Lord, that virtue shines
Within your noble breast, will hardly give
You leave to credit; the plot was laid to take
Away this harmless life: which to preserve (only
With the assistance of faithfull Ferdinando)
We privatel got hither as to a place of refuge,
Where with the change of habit, we meant to spend
Some days, in the contrivance of our future safety.

King. Aurelia Thou dost amaze me with a story,
Of that unheard of cruelty, had any tongue but
Thine related, I could (as soon) with the same faith
Have credited, what mans invention could proclaim
Impossible. Sure they have no Christian names
Or if they have, let me but know the fiends, and as
I am thy King I'll see thee righted.

Aureli. My Lord, I freely can forgive them,
They may repent, and in their after life deserve your
Pardon. Please you my Lord to put on your
Disguise, we else may be (by some unwelcome guest)
Discovered; And (as to my poor present home)
We walk, I shall in duty to your commands discover all.

King 'Twas carefully remembred; the joy I
Have received in the blest encounter of my false
Aurelia, made me forget I was to all the world

(But :

(But thee) a counterfeit.

This kifs; now lead the way.

Where virtue is my guide I cannot stray ———— *Ex. Ambo.*

Enter Antonio. In a riding habit, a smitich in his hand.

Anto. Where should this King be, I have
Endeavour'd pretty well to find him out, with
What diligent search my wit and labour could.
Contrive, yet all in vain I seek. From the city, to
The small cottage, hills, and dale, woods and
Plains, yet no tidings; not a stripling of eighteen
I see, but I from top to toe examine. Had but some
That I know the large commission I have, there's
Not a handsome gentlewoman in the country
(Without a protection from the General) should
Go unsearch'd, 'Twere well if they escap'd too.
Indeed I am too modest for the employment, which
Was a fault the General might possibly have
Thought me not guilty of, considering I was bred
I'th Court. But if I persist in't, I shall be able
To give but a very slender account of my travels.
It being now in fashion for Princes to make escapes in
V Womens habit; but I must mend my fault, and
Stretch my modesty.

But who comes here ———— *Enter Amint,*

Amint. Save you Courteous Gentleman, pray saw
You a faire young shepherdes straggling here
About, I fear hath lost her waie.

Anto. You speak as if she were a stranger to the
Place, dwells she far hence?

Amint. But here at hand.

Anto. What danger is there then, that she can
Straggle here if dwell so neer.

Amint. Although she dwell so neer,
She is a stranger here.

Anto. Prethe courteous shepherd, let me but understand thee
And I perhaps may tell some tidings of her.

Amint. Then know, she's but lately come amongst us,
For we (as yet) nor know her name, nor whence she came;
But sure she is as courteous a Nymph, and faire,
As ever sung to pipe.

Anto. What years do'st think she is of?

Amint. She looks some seventeen,
Or much about.

Anto. Shepherd, (may I a stranger to
This place) my Beast being tyred, request you help
Me to some refreshment for my horse, and me;
For which in part of payment, take this

Gold;

Gold ; with it, my hearty thanks.

Amint. Excuse me Sir, the poor entertainment
Our Cottage will afford, cannot deserve this pay ;
I wish we had it for you.

Anto. Shepherd, I ever made content my
Feast ; which I am sure to find,
In what you have.

Amint. Thank you Noble Sir, since you will
Have it so ; please you to stay till I but search the
Next Cops for a stray Lamb, I will
Return with speed,

Ex. Shepherd.

Anto. Shepherd, I shall attend ; I do not
Know, more then a simple hope, grounded
On strong desire it should be so :

But I am on the sudden strangely overjoyed, with
Confidence of a discovery of something.

A young shepherdes (did he not say ?) of
Some seventeen years of age, I and a stranger too ;
One that as yet, he neither knows her name, nor
Whence she is. Well my young King, if I
Do chance to find you in the smock habit, I
May hap to make you look red ditch cheeks,
Without the help of Spanish paper.

You gods, I'll pray my beads o'r twice a day
The more, should this stray shepherdes
But prove my King. And all you powers, bear witness
With me, 'tis not for honour, or reward, I covet thus to
Finde him, as that I fear, some more unwelcome to
Him, may do it to his more prejudice. But her's my
Shepherd come. Shepherd shall we go.

Amint. Sir, I now will wait on you ; this is
Your way to your horse.

Anto. Thanks honest shepherd, the joy I apprehend,
Made me forget I had any

Ex. Am.

Enter Cornelius Eugenio.

Eugen. I hope the rout's now pleas'd they have a King,
Yet some cry'd out for none (the devil stop their wind-pipes)
The General appeared much backward, in the judgment
of the standers by, to accept the Government ; yet Crowns
Are things, seldom unwelcome come,
How e'r with care maintain'd.

Cornel. Eugenio, be confident, the General nothing acted
Outwardly in show, but what his loyal heart provok't him too,
Nor could he with the safety of the Kingdom (as things
Then stood) refuse to accept the Crowa ;
For that besides the present danger might have ensu'd
By the domestick rabble, had he refus'd.

His

His known acceptance of it now, strikes terror in
The Forreign Enemy, asunder whose victorious
Arm, they have long groan'd.

Eugen. Cornelius, I am satisfied, and hope (as you)
The best, but where the King *Amasius* (if alive)
Should live so long recluse, to my poor sense,
Appears miraculous; the gods protect him, and prevent,
What we have just cause to fear.

Cornel. He is hardly honest, joyns not in that prayer.

Eugen. Amasius, Till I here thy death confirm'd, (which
Heavens forbid) I never shall acknowledg other King but
Thee, and curst be he that do's.

Cornel. Prethe forbear, I think I hear him coming.

Enter *Bellicosus*, *Sebastian*, *Fabius*, and attendance.

Bellicos. My lord *Sebastian*, what e'r I'm forc't (to my best
Care for all your goods I hope) to take upon me, This is——*Sebastian*
A ceremony, from you, I neither will expect nor suffer, (*stands bare.*)
Pray my lord put on; it is your grave assistance
In this great charge I have undertaken; not what in duty
Doth become a Subject to his King, that I expect from you.
And I am glad (my lord) to see these over-acted passions,
So well blown o'r, that did so ill become your gravitie.
We men that know the world, if thankfully would
Receive a blessing; must patiently endure a Cross.

Sebast. But mine is great (my lord.)

Bellicos. 'Tis truth; therefore your patience in't appears
The more commendable; for know, ther's not a Loyal heart
Amongst us all, but hath receiv'd a loss, a great one too.
Though I must confess yours comes with advantage;
But let us not despair; The gods are just and merciful,
And when we least expect, may bring us joy.

Cornelius, what no news yet from *Antonio*, in his
Search o'th King? he is a man I put much
Confidence in his Noble care.

Corneli. My gracious lord, I dare (with reverence to your self)
Presume ther's not that thing alive, that owns the name
Of man, would more rejoyce, to bring you happy
Tydings then himself; nor make a more laborious
Search in what he hath undertaken.

Bellicos. It is believed *Cornelius*, and you mistake my
Meaning much, if you but think I spoke as doubting,
In the performance of that trust he did with joy imbrace,
I know he's honest, as you can think him. Gentlemen,
I fain would urge a question to you all, which could
You satisfie, 'twould be a favour I ever should acknowledg.

Corneli. My Lord, please you propound, (my honour
Stand engaged) in what I may, I'll satisfie.

Bellico. Thank you *Cornelius*, the question's then,
What you conceive may be the cause, my son
Delirus so dejects himself.

Corneli. Then here my Lord, I take off my ingagement;
I think it doth proceed from faire *Artesia's* scorn,
Whom he unfortunately, yet entirely loves.

Eugeni. My Lord, he speaks my thoughts.

Sebast. And mine.

Bellico. Gentlemen, I thank you all, and shall as
Carefully (in what I may) acknowledg this great favour.
Fond Boy, how hast thou lost thy self? I fear past all
Recovery. Proud scornfull woman; yet why do I
Blame her, when she stands bound as she expects
Her future blisse, to make her free election. Yet how he should
Deserve her scorn, I understand not: the bloud that fills his veines
Speaks him as nobly born as she, stand was as well deserving Things of
This nature must be gently curb'd, and by degrees, with
Moderate perswasion wean'd from.

He that with violence, seeks to restrain loves fire,
Instead of quenching, makes it flame the higher.
My Lord, and Gentlemen, your good advise in matters that much
Concern the common good, requires your present aid.

Corneli. We ever shall obey, in what you please command. ——— *Ex. Om.*
Enter Artesia. Sol.

Artesi. The King not to be found? He doated strangely so to leave the
Court, ne'r to be heard of more. Upon a begger too, a thing not worth
His Royal thought: and whether dead, or living, it matters not,
The multitude with noise hath made their General King:
And since 'tis so, *Delirus* ought to be considered of, as now the
Best in being ——— it must be so;

A few good words will reconcile the man. ——— *She calls.*

Within there, *Dreswell*? ——— *Enter Dreswell.*

Dres. Madam here,

Artesi. Haste to the Court, there to *Delirus* Lodgings, and if by
Any means thou canst procure admittance to him, pretend you come as
Of your own accord, in pity of your Ladies sufferings, who ever
Since she heard of his melancholy retirement, hath kept her chamber,
And denyed accesse to all comers of what quality soever, nor will
She eat, or drink, or sleep, (as is conceiv'd) till she hath seen him.
All this you must do in so melancholy a posture,
He shall not doubt a syllable you utter,
(And if thou can't deliver it in teares, it will do better.)

This done, strictly examine all his gestures, and every word and sigh,
So exactly, that you may be able to give me a just account how he
Stands moved with your relation, that thereby I may accordingly
Prepare my self for his encounter. Is my Coach ready?

Dres. Madam it is.

Artesi. Then I'll abroad, but will return by that time I
Conceive thou canst be here again. Be careful in't.

Farewel — *Exit Artesia*

Dreswel looks back.

Dres. Well go thy waies, thou woman, indeed thou art the very
Master piece of all thy sex for cunning. I thought I could have
Done pretty well; but I am a very puny, and but begin to learn
The art of dissembling. Delirus, you shall be happie; My Lady
Does love you, but 'tis because the mad-folks of the Town
Have made your father King. Who should they but depose, as
They are like enough, (it being now in fashion) my Lady
Then must sue out a Divorce, and marry the next heir
Apparent to the Crown.

Now shall I have this melancholy Coxcombe (who she hath
Sufficiently abused) believe me; for I shall do it rarely. I serve
So exquisite a Lady in the trade; I cannot chuse but move
Compassion. 'Twere rare durst I but laugh, to see him sit cross
Armed, and sigh out (in some pitifull tone) his folly, which I
Must charitably call his repentance, which he, (in hope I will be
Mercifull to him) and call it so to my Lady, gives me five pieces,
Which I must seemingly refuse, yet hold it fast. What necessary
Commodities to our Ladies are we waiting-women; and faith
Should not grudge at any thing we do, if they would but in (some
Reasonable measure) consider us. We must not kils (forsooth)
The gentleman-Vsher, not for a hundred pound, that's not to
Be forgiven; they are very tyrants to us in that particular,
And covet all. I had but some small hopes of *Ferdinando*, the
Lord Sebastian's man, and indeed to say truth, the fellow was of
A pretty able make, and promised well. And he they have shuffled
Out of the way; all is too good for us poor souls, but we
May find a time to fit them for it: But to
My business now in hand.

Exit.

Enter King, disguised as before, Aurelia, Antonio.

King. Aurelia, thou hast fil'd me with amazement, in the
Relating of such a peece of villany, the fiends of hell, would surely
Tremble at to see perform'd. Put on thy hat *Antonio*, this is no — *Stands bare.*
Time nor place to shew respect to persons. O *Aurelia*, how are we
Bound to the just gods, for thy miraculous protection, and sure
Those gods have blessings yet in store for thee, that have so safely kept thee.
Faithful Ferdinando, I yet may find a time to pay thee for thy
Loyalty. *Antonio*, thou lately cam'st from Court, and
Can advise us for the best; delays do oft prove dangerous,
What would'st thou have us do?

Anto. Since you are pleas'd to think my poor advice
Worthy the following; I humbly should request you not
Conclude on any thing, till *Ferdinando* be return'd, who
Madam (if I mistooke not) you hourly here expect.

Aureli. I do *Antonio*, and wonder at his stay.
Pray heaven all be well.

King.

King. Antonio, I like your counsel well, and will be rul'd, how took
The General our strange departure from the Court———*Enter Ferdinando.*

Aureli. Ferdinando is return'd, Ferdinando wellcome--*Ferdinando starts to*
Nay be not frighted, her's none but are your friends. *see Antonio.*

Ferd. Noble Antonio, I know not whether my joy; or wonder
To see you in this place, is greater, but both speak much.

Anto. Thanks good *Ferdinando*, thou living miracle of honesty,
Pray take acquaintance of this aged man, as one we all stand bound to,
Which you (at more convenient time) shall understand.

Ferdinand. Heaven still encrease your age, and happy daies.

King. Thank thee my good son, and maiest thou live
Long to be wonder'd at for thy fidelity.

Aureli. What news from Court, I hope my
Father doth enjoy his health?

Ferdinand. Madam, he does.

Anto. Ferdinando, thy looks speak no good tydings
No news yet of our King?

Ferd. Madam, I expected that enquiry to have been made by you.

Aureli. Indeed 'twas comming out, had not Antonio
Prevented me, I hope he's well.

Ferd. That hope is all we have left; for hitherto their search hath
Been in vain. Madam, I much mistake (if since my late departure,)
Your looks speak not much more of cheerfulness, then
When I left you. And I am sorry I have not news for to deliver,
V'ould fetch more of that blood into your cheeks, hath
Been so long a stranger to it's home.

Anto. Thou speak'st a Prologue to a Tragedy, prethe be brief.
VVe stand resolv'd to hear, the utmost can befall us.

Ferd. Then thus it is. The King (as yet not heard of) the factious
People, (mutable by nature) generally rise; some crying out *Bellicosus*
Should be King; others would have no King; but most of all,
V'ould have they knew not what. Thus in the streets
Tumultuously they swarm, who *Bellicosus* (for some small time to
Appease) in hopes to hear ot'h King, pretends receiving Letters
From him; wherein he certifies his health, and that the reason of his
Stealth from Court, was to perform a penance he on himself enjoy'd by
Vow, for some unrulie thoughts his blood provok't him to, and
V'ould return with speed. This by the eminent'st men it'h Court
Delivered as a truth amongst the Rout, did for a time appease; but
Long it lasted not; for being shortly after, thoroughly whet with wine,
They all brake out; crying aloud *Bellicosus* should be King.
At which the General under pretence of what might have fallen
Out more prejudicial to the Common-wealth, accepts it for prevention;
And since makes strong apologies in his own defence.
But may they all be swallowed up alive, that own him for their
King, long as Amasius lives, or we confirm'd,
(V'Vhich heavens forbid) he is dead.

King. Let this confirm thee, Amasius is alive ——— *King pulls off his disguise.*
 Alive to thank thee for thy Loyalty.

Ferd. Which life, long may the gods preserve ——— *Ferdinando kneels.*
 With health and joy. ——— *Riseth,*

Anto. Ferdinando, leave off to wonder at this happiness, it is
 No time to talk but do. Sir, the long experience of the Generals
 Loyalty and faithful service to your crown, may justly arm
 You with a confidence, he dares not act the Traytor.

King. But *Antonio*, what think you of the intended murder of
 This fair Virgin; there was a fault *Antonio*, a great one too,
 One that the gods command should not be smother'd.

Anto. So please your Highness, if you but think the General
 Guilty but of a thought, (of what I know his very soul abhors)
 I soon could clear that doubt.

King. Till when, I shall conclude him not *Aurelia's* friend,
 Though he may take my Crown, and yet ne'r injure me.

Anto. Then on my knees, I beg this favour (for your satisfaction, — *Antonio*
 That you vouchsafe me leave to go to Court, where speedily *kneels.*
 I will contrive a way to clear your doubts, in what
 You can desire to know.

King. Rise *Antonio*, 'Tis granted on those conditions, and how
 In the mean time (for the advantage of your undertakings)
 We shall dispose our selves, consider; and 'tis done.

Anto. Virtuous Sir, it is a trust, my life could ne'r deserve, which
 I'll perform or loose it in the attempt. Madam please you to let
 Your faithful servant shew me to the road I am a stranger to,
 I shall (to him) impart what's best for you to do, suiting
 With my designs. So heavens showre down his blessings on you both.

King. And speed thee in thy honest undertakings.

Aureli. Ferdinando, conduct *Antonio*, as he shall desire.

King. Come my *Aurelia*, our poor hom's the best,
 Although no Pallace, ther's more quiet rest ——— *Ex. Amb.*

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Enter Snap, Captain, both Drawn, a fighting, the Captain
Forcing Snap backward on the Stage.

Snap. **C**aptain, hold, hold, I say; thou now deserv'st that Title;
 Come let us put up, you shall have your desire.
 But know it is not out of fear I do it; fear being a thing I never
 Understood. But 'tis thy valour that hath won my love,
 Which shall continue, long as you dare thus valliantly make good
 Your honour, which I (in pitty to your self)
 Much fear is not long liv'd,

Capt. Then wellcome death, who in the horrid'st shape he

Can put on, shall ever make this flesh of mine (but now redeem'd
From the base brand of coward) e'r tremble to behold him.
Sir, be not too incredulous nor wonder-struck; that I
Can speake a truth; which to my shame (I must confess)
I have but seldom uttered. Forknow the baseness
Of my former actions, hath wak't my better judgment
To a repentance of my sinful folly; nor is there in these veins
One drop of blood but came from noble springs. And if this
Small sprinkling of my redemption can nothing gain on your belief,
But name an undertaking honourable, that may confirm
Me to the world I am a man, and I'll attempt it, or
With the loss of life leave ample satisfaction,
I dyed no coward.

Snap. I do imbrace thy friendship, and believe thee—*Imbraces him.*
Heartily believe thee, as one that joyes in thy recovery,
And what (before) I could not think thee worthy of; now doth
Appear unworthy thy acceptance. But for the present
Here take this bag, with it the assurance, of—*Gives him a bag.*
My assistance in what I shall be able. And what so e'r you
Have done for me. (how ever to your judgement it appears) yet
Know, it was but honest, and but a sleight to get my own;
Long since by *Goldcalf's* fathers unjust dealing,
Detained from me.

Capt. Sir, it is believed, and for your mony (my want compels
Me to accept of) I thank you, as what I not deserve, but
What your Nobleness (in pitty of my present state) is pleas'd
Bestow on me. And that you shall see your mony well
Employed; I'll to the army, where my actions shal speak me
Willing to redeem my mis-spent youth, or
Finde a Noble death.

Snap. May victory and reward, crown all your
Undertakings. So farwell.—*Exit Snap.*

Capt. Success attend your wishes to your desires, while I
Practise to live, that I shall dare to die.—*Exit.*

Enter *Bellicosus, Delirus.*

Bellicos. Delirus, however I have past by the enquire of
Your discontent, yet know I have a fathers eye, that sees your
Wound that bleeds, and know it must be searcht well, ere it can
Be cur'd; therefore I charge you on my blessing (as
You expect that I should prove your faithful Chirurgeon) prove
You a dutiful patient, in plainly laying open to me
The cause of this your present grief.

Delir. Sir your Commands are too powerful for me to
Disobey. And what of Discontent you have lately
Seen in me, sprung from *Artesia's* scorn
On my impatient love.

Bellicos. Me thinks thou should'st consider, whose son thou art

Delirus

A Souldier too, and have thy reason captiv'd
By the imperious pride of a vain-glorious woman. For shame
Collect thy scattered senses; (and if not out of pity to thy
Self) yet in respect of my commands (which here I lay upon
Thee) return her scorn again. And then she'll sue to thee.
Fond Boy, thou dost not know the subtle traines of women,
Whose wavering minds prove labyrinths to the most ingenious
Searchers, canst thou yet love, and the yet scorn?

Deli. My Royal Father, in all obedience to your Demands
I thus must answer; and call the gods to witness with me,
I hate her actions more then I e'r lov'd her person;
Which now with scorn, I both disdain.

Belli. That's spoken like thy self. What news with thee? — *Enter Fabius.*

Fabi. My gracious Lord; There is a traveller (a stranger he seems)
Desires to be admitted to your presence; who (as he
Doth pretend) hath business of much concernment to deliver.

Belli. Admit him in. Welcome friend, wouldst — *Enter Anto. his coat
chang'd, a false beard.*

Anto. Yes, my good Lord, I have something to impart that
Much concerns your knowledge.

Deli. I do not like this fellowes looks, what should his
Business be. Sir, your business may require privacie,
I'll wait within your call, — *Deli. offers to go off, Anto. stays him,*

Anto. Pray stay sir, my gracious Lord, such is the nature
Of my business, I shall not onely crave this Gentleman may
Hear the delivery of it, but also such of your Royal
Council as are near at hand.

Belli. Fabius, call those that wait without — *Fabius goes to the hangings
calls them. Ent. Cornelius, Eugeni.*

Anto. Then (by your gracious favour) it sadly thus fell out.
'Twas, when the harbinger of light, had given notice
To the late darkned world, that the bright Sun was darting
Forth his radiant beams upon the teeming earth, when near
To the black Cliffe (a place well known to all) and sit
So black a purpose; upon the top of which, a man (I thought
I spy'd, (but prov'd a monster) near whom, after a
Stricter view, I could discern something to move, (but
Knew not what it was. Towards it I gently made, willing
To see, unseen: when by the help o'th craggy Cliffe I soon
Had got within the hearing of a voice (in such a Tone of woe
Sadly lamenting) the neighbouring rocks in tears did seem
To melt, to hear the moan it made. Pity, and curiositie,
To know what it might be, joyn'd to contrive, how
I might make my approach so near, to satisfy my doubts
Remaining undiscovered, when envious nature conspiring
The ruine of what she should preserve, by a small creek
O'th Sea divided us. Yet at so small a distance, I could

Discover a maid (for such she seem'd to be) upon her knees.
 With hands held up for mercy to her murderer. Who
 Less relenting then the hardned Rocks, proclaim'd himself an
 Enemy to pity. And with a voice befitting such a bloody
 Minde, demanded if she were prepar'd to dye.
 (As if he meant, for to preserve in her, what in himself i'th
 Very act he must destroy.) To which she answered something,
 So faintly dying not to be understood, when streight I could
 Perceive the slave prepare (into the Sea) to cast the innocent
 Fair one, whom he before had drown'd in teares.
 This sight, I tremblingly beheld, cursing the water that divided
 Us. Yet hoping to prevent his bloody execution, a loud
 I cal'd, as confident in the consideration of his own present
 Safety, being discovered, I happily might save her life :
 But all in vain ; for what with threats, fair promises, and teares
 I could prevail, was onely to behold her fall into the sea.
 At which unheard of peece of crueltie, the Sun not daring to
 Behold so foul a murder, withdrew his waterish beams
 (Made pale with fear) behind the burthened clouds, who big
 With Tears, in thousand spouts did trickle to the earth,
 There witnesses of sorrow.

The Villain, his black deed done, question's the justnesse
 Of the Gods, in hopes he should escape : which to prevent
 I nimble down descended, fetching a compasse to the place my
 Reason prompt me to believe he must attempt to make his
 Flight, where (by the Justnesse of those Gods he so mistook)
 We met. I drew and bid him stand ; at which the daring
 Slave grind in my face, and with a confidence, as if his
 Cause were just, drawes in defiance of my single opposition,
 To blowes, and thrusts we went, when guided by the hand
 Of Justice, my sword soon found a passage to his death.
 When he (afraid to die) when death appear'd so near,
 Tremblingly for mercie beg'd, in hope he might have liv'd.
 On which I took advantage, and with the promise of
 My assistance in his cure, and silence for the fact he had
 Committed, he to my joy (in his behalf) discovered, not
 Onely who it was he had murdered, but also who had hired
 Him to that accursed deed of darknesse ; which when at
 Full delivered (to my amazed wonder) I fell to earth, as if
 I had received the greater wound. Onely I rose again, which
 He did never ; for just (as if the Gods had lent him breath
 Enough for his confession,) he left the world.
 My Lord, I have not yet quite finish'd, ———— *Del. offers to go out.*
 And shall desire all that are present, may hear my story out.

Bellicos. Delirus stay, I do command you stay.

Del. My Lord, I am not wel, o'th suddain.

Bellicos. So short a stay as this requires, can no waies

Prejudice your health. Friend go on to let us know, as well
The Murderers, as the murdered; heaven knows, I tremble
But to think, at what I urge to know.

Anto. As soon as grief will give me leave

(My Lord) I shall. ————— *Anto. pretends to weep.*

The murdered person, was that virtuous innocent, the
Fair Aurelia, Daughter to the Lord Sebastian.

Deli. O Delirus, thou art lost for ever, ever lost. ————— *aside.*

Bellico. Sure friend thou didst but dream, and this some
Vision was. It was an act so horrid, the gods in justice
Never could have beheld. And there must want temptation
In the fiends of hell, to work on man (though frail)
To be her murderer.

Anto. My Lord, it was no idle dream; yet heaven can
Witness, I could have gladly slept for ever, rather than lived
To see this waking truth.

Bellico. Then briefly speake her murderers.

Anto. First on my knees I beg your gracious

Pardon, for what ————— *Kneels.*

I must deliver or burst. And here I stand to accuse ————— *Riseth.*

Your son *Delirus*, and the Lady *Artesia*, daughter to the
Late Lord *Endimion*, the innocent *Aurelia's* murderers.
And *Ferdinando*, servant to the Lord Sebastian, (whom with this
Hand I slew,) by them was hired her executioner.

Bellico. My trembling heart will hardly give my tongue
The utterance to say it is impossible.

Deli. My Lord, I am confident your grave wisdom's such,
Ther's nothing (this loose fellow) in madness hath delivered.
Deserves your serious consideration, more than what punishment
He hath deserved; for give me leave my Lord, had he his wits,
(Which no man here can think) in what hath faire *Aurelia*
Injur'd me? or if she had, my faire actions in the world
Speak me no murderer. Besides this frantick accusation,
Delivered by a single man, whom none knows whence,
Or what he is. My Honour'd father, this rightly weigh'd.
'Twere fit the slave should know his punishment, which
Must be great as his offence. For villain know ————— *Turns to Anto.*
Thy life's to poor a satisfaction for my injury.

Anto. Sir, I have heard you, and must take leave to tell
You, I am no slave nor villain; nor is there in these veins of
Mine one drop of blood (however I appear) but sprung
From Noble parents. And here I call the gods to witness
With me; I wish, and heartily, you could but clear your
Self of faire *Aurelia's* murder as thus I clear

The doubts of what I am ————— *Pulls off his disguise,*

All Antonio!

puls out a purse.

Anto. You knew this purse *Delirus*, when loaden with

The price of innocent *Aurelia's* blood, you gave it *Ferdinando*
In part of payment for his black deed.

Deli. True *Antonio*, 'tis all but truth. O cruel *Artesia*,
By thee I fall, to my eternall ruine ————— *Deli. Falls.*

Bellico. Be mercifull great powers too a weak aged
Man, and loade me not too much with your afflictions,
Your burthen is to great, yet fain I would support it
Bravely. *Cornelius*, I do command you take speedy order,
That object of my shame be carefully convey'd to the
Castle. And you *Eugenio* ————— *Ex. Corneli.*

Haste to *Artesia's* lodgings, where seize her with a guard,
And house them both together. They may forgive each
Other, and repent before their deaths. ————— *Ex. Eugen.*

O *Antonio*, I look't for joy at thy return, but thou hast brought
Me woe; bitter woe *Antonio*, but I forgive thee freely, ————— *They fetch Deli.*
And commend thy honest care, thou hast nothing done, ————— *off the Stage*
But what our Lawes, and thy religion bound thee to.

Antonio, I mean to act the Judges part my self, for since
Corruption crept into the Bench, the Jury findes it death for to be
Poor, the rich may plead not guilty. Poor Lord *Sebastian*
Thou shalt have justice done thee. (Small satisfaction for thy loss)
Yet all the world shall see,

If thine be great, mine cannot lesser be. ————— *Exit Bellicosus, Antonio.*
Enter *Sebastian, Ferdinando.*

Sebast. O *Ferdinando*, thou hast made me young again,
Thou happy messenger of joy; me thinks thou hast pul'd back
Least twenty of my years. And will the King be here
(Dost say) and in disguise, and my *Aurelia* too?

Ferdinand. My Lord they will; be confident they will.
I do expect them every minute.

Sebast. But *Ferdinando*, I want how to contrive to entertain
Him, my poor house is quite unstored, and no direction's given
For any thing, can look like welcome to him.

Ferdinand. My Lord, since you so much desire to make him
Welcome. I shall instruct you how to make him so.
If you but think his welcome doth consist in feasting (my Lord)
You so mistake our present business, that know you ruine all
His honourable designs, he hitherto (with care and pains) hath
Laboured for to compass. First you must let it be your care,
Your joy transports you not; but what of joy
You must express, must be upon good grounds you are securely
Private; other waies to take no notice of them, more
Then what they outwardly appear to be.

This, and no other, is the welcome that the King expects.

Sebast. Thanks *Ferdinando*; honest *Ferdinando*, thou
Faithfullest of servants, I thank thee for thy advice, which
I in all things carefully will follow. I can no longer keep my

Joy within the narrow bounds of my poor breast,
It must (at these weak aged eyes of mine) have vent,
It must, it must.

Weeps for joy.

Ferdinana. My Lord the King is here.

Enter King, Aurelia.

Sebast. Long live my gracious King, and may your poor
Sebastian live to be truly thankful to the gods
For this blest hour of joy.

Kneels.

King. Rise Sebastian, no more of this, we know thy
Love and Loyaltie. But must enjoyn you (in all your actions
To expresse to us, not what we are, but what
We appear to be.

Sebast. My much-loved Lord, your poor Sebastian can be
Aquainted with no other study but what shall teach me to obey.
O my poor girl, never more welcome to thy fathers arms. *Aurelia kneels.*
You gods, let not my joy make me forget my dutie.

King. Ferdinando, with speed find out Antonio, and let him
Know of our arrival at the Lord Sebastians, where we shall
Hourly expect to hear, as he shall find occasions offer.

Ferdinand. I shall with care perform it. *Exit.*

King. Come my lord Sebastian, we are now your guests;
Dispoise us as you please, you dare without suspicion, trust
Your fair daughter with us, her vertu's guard enough.

Sebast. Your own, (great Sir) may challenge a far
Greater trust. So please you, I shall conduct you to
The best part, of a homely house.

King. Sebastian you are happy you have a house that
You may call your own; 'tis more then I dare do.
Come my *Aurelia*, 'tis all my joy, that
I can call thee mine.

Aureli. Sir, weren't not a sin I am a stranger to,
I should begin to fear I should grow proud o'th honour
You are pleas'd to do your creature.

King. As I to have such a creature for to honour. *Ex. Ambo.*

Enter Dorothy. sol.

Doroth. My Lady hurried (with a guard) to the Castle?
'Tis so, the scorn she threw upon *Delirius* hath made him desperate,
And confels the murther; my jealous heart presag'd
No less, when no entreaties could prevail on him, I might
But speak my message; which when I but
Attempted, he seem'd in scorn, and hate
Of her to stop his ears.

Lady, your plot's are now discovered to the world; at least,
To Ciciley, which is too hot for me to live in.
A ship (now weighing anchor) stands bound for *Italy*.
I'll take this proffer'd means for my escape.

Farewell *Artesia*, my safety bids not stay,

Shee dyes a fool, that dyes, when live she may. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Antonio, Cornelius.

Cornel. Cruel Ferdinando, how were we all mistaken in That murdering villain, whose name (to all posterity in Memory of this damn'd act) shall ne'r be thought on but with Horror for faire *Aurelia's* loss. The gods (in her) have Rob'd us of our Magazene of vertue

Anto. In her we have just cause to fear our Princes loss, Their vertues were as inseparable, as I fear their fortune. *Cornelius*, how took *Delirus* his conduct to the Castle?

Cornel. With much seeming patience, but not a fillable- Enter *Eugenio*, Could be urged from him. How now *Eugenio*? how have you Dispos'd of your bloody faire one, the everlasting shame To all her sex? how doth her pride and envy Bear her present fortune?

Eugen. Prethe be merciful in thy opinion of her, for Though the thought of her foul deed proclaims her monstrous, Beshrew me but she made me weep, and so would thee *Cornelius*, hadst thou but seen her penitence.

Cornel. They'r Crocodiles tears *Eugenio*, for know she can Put on what shape she please, to act her present part, And 'twas thy charity, not her true penitence, That so prevail'd on thy believing sence.

Eugen. *Cornelius*, I boast (my self) to have no knowing Insight in the womens trade, yet dare with confidence affirm, Those passions I saw in her of sorrow for her fact could not Be counterfeit. For know, soon as she saw *Delirus*, in The Castle, her tears in floods gush't forth, as Witnesses, she sorrowed more for him, then for her self; And humbly on her knees before us all, confest her self His murderer. At first he seem'd with loathed eyes to Look on her, who still her self, confest her self to be The principal in blood. This penitence in her, compassion Wrought in him, who took her up and kist her In witness of forgiveness, she wept the more to see him Pitty her, for which she knew she did deserve the less From him. So like two weeping Niobies they stood and read, (As well as tears would give them leave,) their own Misfortunes in each others face; and both in pity Wept, while they themselves, themselves unpittied, Yet for each other pitifully wept. When I (unus'd I Muſt confess) to wash my face in tears, made up A third in mourning. Which she perceiving, humbly Thank't me for my compassion, and hop't it was Bestowed on him, as what she not deserved. This, And such like expressions of repentance, with streames Of hearty sorrow flowing, wrought so in him, he ask'd Her if she lov'd him dying, she so much injured

Living. Which she (as well as words and tears could witness
For her) answered, yes, so well, that were she but as
Sure of his, she should rejoyce a faithfull penitent in death.
This, in true signs of love, and sorrow uttered, he
Sends away (straight) for a holy man o'th Church,
Who after some private confession on both sides made,
Joyned both their hands in holy marriage; which
Done, as grieve would give them leave, they both
Rejoyc't, and kist; then wept again, so that my
Pitty (in my tears) rather increast, then lessned by my
Stay. When urging necessity for my departure, I sadly
Took my leave, and left them prodigally bestowing
Their tears upon each others face.

Anto. I blame thee not *Eugenio*, for being a weeping
witness of their woes. when I can scarce forbear
At the relation; heaven knows. I wish them long
Life on earth to enjoy each others love.

Corneli. *Eugenio*, Thou hast delivered miracles,
But know, I can believe what comes from thee,
Which had appear'd much doubtfull from anothers
Mouth; she hath purchac't now my pitty and my
Prayers, which I'll acknowledg justly due, and pay.— Enter *Fabi*, weeping

Anto. How now *Fabina*, weeping for your young master?

Fabi. You cannot blame me Sir, when I am
Made the messenger of death.

Eugeni. How? sure 'tis not yet come to that.

Fabi. I would it were not; or else some other had
Been made the messenger.

Corneli. Prethe speak out, that we may understand you.

Fabi. The King enraged, to understand his son
Was married to his murderer, commanded me to
Let them know 'bout four a clock this afternoon,
They must prepare to dye, and keep their
Wedding in the other world. Which they (poor
Souls) with joy received, and thank't me for my pains;
(As willingly) as if I had deserved it:

Anto. 'Twas but short warning, the gods
Prepare them for their long journey. Gentlemen,
I have some present business calls me aside, but
I shall soon return to share with you in sorrow. —————

Ex. Anto.

Eugeni. You'll hardly find us unprepared for that.
But think'st thou *Fabius* the King intends this
Hasty execution; 'tis surely done to fright them into a
Preparation for the other world:

Fabi. Sir, Pray heaven you not deceive your self.
The King is known too constant in his resolves,
To alter what he with seriousness protests, which to our

Griefes we too too soon shall find.

Corneli. Eugenio ; The time's but short, and 'tis
But labour lost if we not speed. If he will have
Them dye let's move for longer time.

Eugeni. With all my heart, I shall plead hard for one.

Corneli. Then let's away. ————— *Exit.*

Enter Delirus Artesia. In mourning habits, as in prison.

Del. Come my *Artesia*, dry those fair eyes, the gods
We know are mercifull, and can forgive what
We can act. Thou hast with penitentiall tears, in
Streames of sorrow (from thy swoln eyes)
Washt off that guile that clouded thy faire soul,
And do'it appear as white as fainted innocence. We
Are married to another world *Artesia*, let them
Injoy the happiness in this (if there be any in't)
That are wedded to it, whom we with pity, not
With envy must behold. And 'tis no little joy, amid't
Our sea of troubles, to see thee thus prepar'd for
Death ; which we'l imbrace as greedily, as
Shipwrackt travellers do the long'd for shoares
And O thou injured maid, in what celestiall
Part for'er (thy now made glorious soul) doth hover ;
Look down with pity and a forgiving eye, on us
Thy sorrowfu'l murderers, who ready stand to
Sacrifice two lives, to appease thy angry ghost.
Give me thy hand *Artesia*, our time draws on apace,
And yet methinks I fain would have thee live ;
Would my poor life pay the great debt we owe,
But the devouring law cries all or none. Thy blood
Artesia, sits with a confidence in thy fair cheeks,
As if it meant not suddenly to leave its habitation.
And 'tis great pity, now it hath possession, to turn it
Out of doores.

Artesia. My Lord, I have but ill deserved this
Noble pity; and here my dying breath shall witness
For me, I would not live on earth after your
Death, to be commandres of the world. Yet know
My Lord, I gladly could both live, and dye, to serve you.
Dye, for to confirm this doubtfull world, with
What a feeling sorrow for my sins, I could endure
Death, and live with you on earth ; to witness to the
World how I could love, and honour you. Which
Since denyed, I gladly shall imbrace my death, and
Only grieve I have rob'd the world of you ————— *Enter Fabius.*

Fabi. My Lord, your guard waits you, and you to
Death are summon'd.

Del. It shall be welcome *Fabius*. Thou seest no
panique :

Pannique fear about us.

Takes her by the chin.

See how the lilies, and the roses in these

Fair cheeks undaunted sit. Why do'st thou weep for us.

Fabi. I weep (my lord) for you, and for my self; for
You, that you must loose your life; and for my self that none
But I, must be chose out the messenger of death.

Del. Thou art vainly troubled, at what I thank thee for.

Come my *Artesia*, this kifs, now lead us to our deaths. - *Kisses her. Exit.*

Enter Goldcalf sol.

Gold. Heer's doings indeed, my Mistress is going to pot
I'faith. What a deal of mony 't has cost me to be a Colonel
To no purpose. A plague of that stripling stranger, he made no
Stranger of my mony I am sure; the Jackanapes first
Me too, out of my Deeds of almost a thousand pounds a year.
Pox of those German's bones, my Cozen Captain sue in Duell;
They were sufficiently reveng'd on me for the murther, but
'Tis no matter, I have saved my life yet, by not being
Too hasty. If I had married *Artesia*, I had been peppered i'faith,
(However I scape yet) for ther's *Delirius*, a brave spark
Must dye, but for offering to have her. ——— *Enter Snap gallant:*
Hey day Snap, what turn'd Gentleman?

Snap. Sirra, no more such buggs words; which if you dare
But utter, I'll nail your ears to the wall; a punishment
Your honourable father (long before his death) wisely
Prevented, by leaving them behind him on the Pillory,
For Cozening such honest Gentlemen as my self.
For know you wretch, you that dare talk saucily, the
Gentleman that won your Deeds of you at play, when be perus'd
Them, and knew them to be the very same your father
Cozen'd my uncle of; He, in pitty of my present wants
Bestowed them upon me, and they are mine.
And should I chance to hear you should but say they e'r were
Yours. People should soon forget you were alive.
But as you may behave your self, I may forget all your
Past folly, and keep you company.

Gold. Thank you good *Snap*.

Snap. You draw no breath, if I but hear that word again.

Gold. Pray sir, forgive me for this once, and I'll remember;
How may I call you, are you a Colonel too?

Snap. No sir, by chance, I am no Colonel; the name I
Answer too, is *Sunk-low*.

Gold. *Sunk-low*; Merhinks you are risen very high. ——— *Aside*
Well honest Mr. *Sunk-low*, pray let me have your company for
Old acquaintance sake; you know you can loose nothing by it.
But by no means, be not known, how I was belov'd, for
Mr. *Sunk-low*, it were as much as my life's worth, were it but
Known *Artesia* would have married me, for ther's one

Must

Must dye, but for offering to have her.

Snap. Well Sir, I shall be careful, so you observe as I

Instruct. Farewell. ————— *Exit Snap.*

Gold. I am finely gull'd i' faith, but I must wiser be,
Or else resolve, to wear *Snap's* liverie. ————— *Exit*

Enter upon a black Stage.

Bellicosus, Sebastian, weeping.

Antoni. Corneli. Eugeni. Fabi.

Delirus, Artesia, in mourning.

Executioner.

After them, the King and Ferdinando.

Disguised.

Belli. My Lord *Sebastian*, the gods (you see) have here
Miraculously discover'd to the world, your daughters
Murderers. (And yet, but that we know them to be so,
They do not look like such) my Lord you shall have—*Speaking to Sebastian*
Justice done. *Delirus*, wert thou a Stranger to my blood as
Is Artesia (who I with tears can pitty) I should not
Railing bawl thee to thy Death (however much in fashion)
It ill becomes a Judge. And all you gods can witness, amidst
My mafs of grief, I have rejoyc'd to hear your sorrows for
Your faults exprest, and willingness to dye. I must confess
Your have been cruel, bitterly cruel to your selves and us; for by your
Means (Heaven knows I not accuse your wills to do't) we have
Lost a general loss, unspeakable, a King, a vertuous King, never to be
Enough lamented. But I shall cease to add unto a grief,
This world affords no cure for; and will forbear to stop
You longer in your journey to a better.

But ere you go, take with you my forgivenesse, and with it,
Both my blessings. And may that comfortable joy good men
Receive in death, fill both your breasts.

Deli. My gracious father (unhappie in so unfortunate a son)
We come with no set speeches here, for to prolong
Our wretched lives. Let not those aged eyes distill a tear
For us, we are prepar'd for death. Can you (my lord *Sebastian*)
And all the rest, shew mercy to a dying pair, in your
Forgiveness; we gladlie would depart this life in peace,
With all the world, if you vouchsafe, it may be so.

All. Our prayers, and tears speak for us, we both
Forgive and pitty.

Deli. } The gods above (with store of blessings

Arte. } Reward your charity. We are now at peace with
Heaven, and earth, and fain would be at our expected rest,

Bellico. Then Sirra do your office. — *The executioner prepares to strike,*
King

King Hold, hold I say.

Bellico. Who's? that dares contradict what we command?

King If you have not forgot me *Bellicosus*, 'tis one
That had power to dare; nor do I know by what
Strange means I have lost it; know you this face—*King discovers himself.*

Auto. The King? Long may the gods preserve your
Life, and make us thankfull acknowledgers of his
Blessings in your Highness safety.

Bellico. Pardon me gracious Prince, my sudden joy
Encountering so much grief, made a confusion in my troubled
Senses, and did retard my duty. Which thus upon my knees—*He kneels.*
I beg forgiveness for; and what so er (for'd for the
Common safety of your distracted kingdome) I have taken
On me, here on my knees, in duty to your Highness
I surrender with tears of joy. Long live our gracious
King *Amasius*, King of Sicily.

All Long live Amasius King of Sicily. ——— *all kneels*

King My Lords, and Gentlemen, I thank you all
For the Loyall remembrance of your poor Prince,
Whose tender care shall be to study all your
Safeties, and preserve them. Rise *Bellicosus*, thou
Ever to be admired pattern of love and Loyalty. Just man,
I ask thee pardon for every evill thought, I ever
Harboured 'gainst thy virtue. Justice and mercy still
Walk hand in hand, I know thou canst forgive it.

Belli. O my much honoured Lord, your virtue ever
Kept too strong a guard on vice, to let you act what
Could deserve forgiveness, from any but the gods.
My Lord, I shall become an earnest suitor, that
You'd vouchsafe to let a piece of justice pass on these
Prepar'd Offenders.

King Offenders? *Delirus*, and the faire *Artesia*,
(If I mistake not) ——— *King looks at Deli. Artesia.*
My Lord, what masque is this, for sure they cannot act
Offenders parts in earnest; pray make me understand you.

Belli. Forgive me then my Lord, that must be the sad
Reporter of my shame, and their unheard of cruelty.
In them behold the fair, and virtuous innocent
Aurelia's, murtherers.

King You have unjustly done, but to suspect them
Guilty, your witnesses are false, *Delirus*, and *Artesia*,
Murtherers? it cannot be, it is impossible; poor soul she ever
Lov'd them well, so they did her; it is some villainous
Train, (by forgery) laid to betray their innocent lives.
And here I set them free ——— *King takes them by the hand.*

Belli. My gracious lord they have confest the fact.

King. 'Twas then because they were asham'd to live

After so foul a charge maliciously laid on them :

Delirus, Artesia, speak, was it not so?

Del. My Lord, and King, we are Aurelia's murderers,
For which foul deed, we have with tears and prayers
Made peace with heaven and earth, if you'll be
Mercifull and but forgive us too.

King With as much willingness, as I'll receive a blessing ;
Rise both, rise I say, so. Bellicosus, I hope (in my-----) *They rise.*
Late pilgrimage, I have made my peace with heaven,
For all my youthfull sins, and am (at length) return'd
With joy. As for *Aurelia* (know *Bellicosus*) I
Loved her more then life ; but since unfortunately
She is dead, and these her murderers (as they confess)
Have truly sorrowed for their offence ; I here
Pronounce their pardons, which stands irrevocable,
If I command in chief.

Belli. Why then my Lord, you are to your self, and
All the world unjust. In your commanding hands you
Hold a sword, as well as scales; can it be mercy call'd
To act in justice. Princes, as the Embassadors
On heaven are bound to right the wrong'd, and not
Wrong who should be righted. Behold this
Man whose bitter tears of sorrow cry out----- *Turns to Sebast.*
() for Justice. And if my gracious Lord) you
Made a vow (at the return from your devotions) to act
Of mercy ; now shew it on your self, in
Justice on these prepar'd offenders.

King. O Bellicosus, thou art my safe Protector and my
Guide to vertue, behold this warrant for the justness--*The King brings in*
Of my actions-----nay be not wonder-struck, *Aurelia, in rich attire ;*
She is alive ----- *Bellira following.*
And warm. ----- *Kisses her*

Bellicos. I am o'come with the apprehension of a joy,
I fear my self unable for to bear. Wellcome to
Life thou vertuous maid. *Cornelius, Engenio, all see, Aurelia*
Is alive, and our lost Prince return'd ; safely return'd ;
Delirus and Artesia, ask mercy of the King, and
Faire *Aurelia* ; they are good, exceeding good, and can forgive.
So, so, my joy must have a larger vent,
Or I shall burst,----- *Turns about and weeps.*

Del. } The gods preserve your Highness,----- *Del.*

Art. } And the much wrong'd *Arte. kneels*

Aurelia.----- *Ferdinando discovers himselfe to Bellira.*

Art. O my most Gracious Prince, and thou
Much injur'd maid, if ever tears, from a true sorrowing
Heart compassion moved ; pronounce forgiveness
To a pair, whose tears in prayers, to the just Gods, we'll

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Much injur'd maid, if ever tears, from a true sorrowing
Heart compassion moved ; pronounce forgiveness
To a pair, whose tears in prayers, to the just Gods, we'll

Daily pay for your Eternal happiness.

King. Rise, and here receive (from us)
Forgiveness and our favour.

Aureli. May all my actions prosper as I freely do forgive
You both. Long may you live and love.

Del. The gods crown all your desires, with joy
Arte. And length of daies.

King. My Lord *Sebastian*, I now must call you father,
For by to morrow night, I doubt not your consent,
To bed the faire *Aurelia*.

Sebast. My Lord, we are your poor creatures, can onely pay
Our daily thanks, for what undeserved honours you
Are pleas'd to throw upon us.

Aurel. So please your Majestic, I see a pair
Of lovers met (I have long parted) desirous
To kiss your hand--*Ferdinando* kneels, and *Belira*; the *King* gives him his.

King. Rise *Ferdinando*, and may'st thou joy in thy hand to kiss
Faire choyce, thy faithful services, shall be
My Care to see rewarded.

Come *Bellicosus* we shall some mysteries unriddle to you,
And let you understand, *Antonio's* mistake in his relation
Our following dayes, do fairly promise joy.
Heignorantly fears,
The sailing of his ship, that *Bellicosus* steers.

The



The Epilogue, intended for the STAGE.

ALL from our Author that I have to say,
Is that he hopes (as we) you'll like his play.
Confirm then what (as yet) but stands in doubt,
As you came welcome in, you'll go pleas'd out.

Epilogue, to the Reader.

NOW Critick woudbees, (faith) my play's not good
You'll say, because when read 'tis understood.
Would I have pleas'd you, I should have written so,
Not to understand't my self (nor you) you know
When you have read it. (pox on't) what's easily said,
Though ne'r so quick, ought to be buried.
Which if it be, 'twill rise again by fits,
To fright you (if you have any) from your Wits.
Which to preserve, be modest, or write better,
You're more then paid me then, I'll rest your debtor.
As unto all wipes out my faulty score,
Till by my next, I run indebted more.

FINIS.
